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LETTER FROM JOHN FOSTER ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

Stapleton, Oct. 9, 1826.

To JOHN BULLAR, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you in John's name and my own, for your very kind letter to him and me: it was very acceptable and gratifying to him; but he is now no longer a subject of advice and consolation.

About the time of his receiving that letter, the progress of his illness was apparently so slow, that it appeared probable he might still survive a number of weeks; and when, eight or nine days since, he rather suddenly became very sensibly worse, it was deemed to be some effect of indigestion, the stress of which might be transient; but it proved to be (according to what he since mentioned to have been at the time his own conviction) the final stage and acceleration of the malady. By the middle of last week his little remaining strength was evidently vanishing very fast, all relish for any kind of food was gone, and he felt a sense of illness and insupportable weariness through his whole frame. But he uttered no word of murmur, but expressed his resignation to the divine disposal, yet with great anxiety that his severely tried patience might not fail: but he expressed an earnest desire for the hour of deliverance. On the Thursday forenoon he said to me, with a peculiar and affecting emphasis, "I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, and is not that far better!"

A friendly and religious physician, who was with him repeatedly that day, having given an inexplicit answer to his inquiry, how long it was probable he might live, he interrogated me with an earnest look and tone, as to what the physician might have said to myself after leaving the room; and was soothed by my telling him, that the time would certainly be very short. We did not however, apprehend that the hour was quite so near at hand.

It was not, therefore, without some small degree of surprise, that at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, we perceived it evident that he was sinking very fast. His three or four immediate relatives, the physician, and the old affectionate servants, were assembled in the room, and he spoke continuously for a considerable time, with apparently little difficulty of utterance, and with the most perfect composure and command of mind and language; addressing or adverting to each of us, expressing a grateful sense of the kindness he had experienced; his request to be forgiven anything in which he had ever been blameable towards any of us; his wish that each one might receive one more religious admonition from his death; his trust that we shall all meet again in a happier world; and his hope in the divine mercy through Jesus Christ, that he was going to that happier world. There was some strange character of *dignity* in his manner and language, such as I had never seen him exemplify till his last illness, and especially in these last hours; so that I was, on subsequent reflection, reminded of what was said of I forget whom, that "nothing in his life ever became him so well as his going out of it."* At short intervals he spoke frequently during the advancing hours, expressing his calm hope—his confidence, but with the pensive expression, several times, of a wish that he might have felt more animated and delightful emotions. "I want," he said, "that He would lift up the light of his countenance more clearly upon me." I said to him, that this was not *essential* to the solidity of the last consolations. The last complete sentence, I think, that he uttered was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." He retained his consciousness and his ability to reply, with intelligent, significant monosyllables and signs, till within the last hour, in the latter part of which he fell asleep, and it was not certain that he ever really awaked. His final breath was distinctly perceptible, and was followed at an interval by a struggle of the oppressed lungs, to inhale once more; but I felt sure that this was only mechanical, and that he suffered no pain. . . . . His suffering frame was, except in the face, exhausted and attenuated to a mere skeleton. In looking on the deserted countenance, through which mind and thought had so recently, but, as it were, a few minutes before, emanated, I felt what profound mystery there was in the change. What is it that is gone! What is it now! During the last stage of his illness (since his return from the sea), he has seemed a strangely different person from what he had been before; it has looked as if a latent, unsuspected character were developed. His former habitual, systematic, invincible reserve, seemed to have left him, and without any effort of his to overcome it. He would easily and freely talk on religion, himself, death, hereafter; subjects on which it was heretofore impossible, in any way, to draw him into communication; and, at the same time, with a degree of maturity and compass of thought, which I had never attributed to him. In truth, I have never, but in his very early years, and in this short concluding season, fairly had the means of *knowing* the nature and extent of the operations of his mind; that unfortunate and continual reserve having placed me and kept me in a state of estrangement often painful, and sometimes creating a displacency, which, I believe, has made me deficient in kindness to him. I was promising myself, that, as his mind advanced towards maturity, it would, at length, *come out* in a manner to produce a more free and satisfactory intercourse. I now deem it probable, that even before his long indisposition, or at least during the earlier stages of it, there was much more of the visiting of serious thoughts than there were the external signs of. At the same time I fully believe, that the real ultimate *prevalence* of such thoughts in his mind was caused through a gracious influence of Heaven, by the augmenting illness, which gradually brought upon him the conviction, that his stay on earth was approaching to a close. I think it probable that his mind must have been occupied with the most serious subjects even *before* he came to that decided conviction: for the state of his sentiments when he became communicative, about two months since, appeared to me such as must have been preceded by a process not very short.

Thus there is a termination of all the cares, solicitudes, and apprehensive anticipations, concerning our son and your pupil. He is saved from entering on a scene of infinite corruptions, temptations and grievances; and borne, I trust, to that happy region where he can no more sin, suffer, or die; safe and pure, and happy for ever. In such a view and confidence, I am (and my wife too, though for the present more painfully affected) *more* than resigned to the dispensation; the consolation greatly exceeds the grief.

Indeed, I believe, that to me, the consolatory considerations have much less to combat with than in the case of parents in general. Probably I may before have expressed to you, that I have such a horror of this world, as a scene for young persons to be cast and hazarded into, that habitually, and with a strong and pointed sentiment, I congratulate children and young persons on being intercepted by death at the entrance into it, except in a few particular instances of extraordinary promise for piety, talent, and usefulness. . . . . If, as in *our* case, parents see their children, in an early period of life, visited by a dispensation, which, *in one and the same act, raises them to piety, and dooms them to die, so that they receive an immortal blessing at the price of death;* —oh! methinks it is a cheap cost, both to them and to those who lose them! In one of my first conversations with John, on his irrecoverable situation, when I said, "We shall be very sorry to lose you, John," he calmly and affectionately replied, "You will not be sorry, if you have cause to believe that I am beyond all sorrow."

While I was writing the above, yesterday, your kind letter came to hand. We are most truly grateful to you for the deep and friendly interest you have taken in John's welfare, and now take in our mourning for his departure. He *was* very cordially gratified by your letter, both for the kind personal regard, and the religious suggestions and consolations which it conveyed. I can perfectly enter into your feelings respecting the *dispersion of your children.* This has always appeared to me one of the most melancholy circumstances in life. In my own case, I have anticipated it as a grievous circumstance on supposition I should live long enough to experience it. But I hope you will have the satisfaction of seeing and hearing that your children prosper in temporal interests; and God grant them and you, that they may, above all, prosper in the infinitely more important ones.

I am, my dear Sir, yours,
With the highest respect and esteem,
J. FOSTER.

* "I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report
That very frankly he confessed his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance; *nothing in his life*
Became him like the leaving it."
MACBETH, Act i., Scene 4.

THOUGHT OF ETERNITY.

A man that looks at all things through the consideration of eternity, makes no more of a man than of a flower; that lasts some days—he lasts some years; at their period both fade. Now what difference is there to be made betwixt days and years in the thought of an eternal duration? Herein, therefore, I have a great advantage of a carnal heart. Such a one, bounding his narrow conceits by the present condition, is ready to admire himself or others, for what they have or are, and is therefore dejected upon every miscarriage; whereas I behold myself, or that man in all his glory, vanishing; only measuring every man's felicity by the hopes and interest which he hath in a blessed eternity.
[Bishop Hall.

PEACE IN VIEW OF DEATH.

When I am dead and forgotten, the world will be as it is; the same succession and varieties of seasons, the same revolutions of heaven, the same changes of earth and sea, the like occurrence of natural events and human affairs. It is not in my power to alter the course of things, or to prevent what must be. What should I do, but quietly take my part of the present, and humbly leave the care of the future to that all-wise Providence, which ordereth all things, even the most cross events, according to his most holy and just purposes! [Ibid.

THE THINGS THAT MAKE DEATH TERRIBLE.

When Garrick, with great self-gratulation, showed Johnson his fine house, gardens, and paintings, expecting some flattering compliment, the only reply was, "Ah, David, David, these are the things that make death terrible."

DEATH OF CHILDREN.

A writer in an English magazine, speaking of the death of very young children, thus beautifully remarks:

"The sinless soul of the cherub child, that dies on its mother's breast, wings its way to heaven, unconscious of the joys it might share here, as also of the many, many miseries of which it might be partaker. This can hardly be called DEATH: It is but the calm, soft ebbing of the gentle tide of life, to flow no more in the troubled ocean of existence; it is but the removal of a fair creature, 'too pure for earthly stay,' to make one of that bright band of cherubim, which encompasses in glory, and in joy the throne of the living.

But, glorious as may be the change to the little one, it is hard for the mother to part thus early with her fair-haired innocent—to break off all the delightful ties of parting tenderness that had bound her, even in a few months, to that gentle form forever."

INDEFINITE FAITH.

From an excellent article in the Christian Inquirer on Practical Christianity, we copy two or three paragraphs relating to the charge of indefiniteness which is sometimes brought against us:

One cannot, I presume, be universally thought singular, who ascribes indefiniteness to the views entertained by religious denominations of the present day, concerning the nature of practical religion.

What denominations are there that give a clear, distinct answer to the question, What does this mean, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself!" What religionists express themselves clearly upon the injunction, "Lay not up treasures for yourselves upon earth?" or on this one: "From him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away?" or, again, "If any would sue thee at the law and take thy coat, let him have thy cloak also?" Who can tell what and how far the spirit of Christian love is and extends? Who, indeed, we may anxiously ask, who can tell how to apply the full spirit and example of the Savior to all our relationships in life, and what would become of us, if we were to do so?

Yet it is in answer to questions exactly such as these, that the purest Christian denomination is to find its position. The Unitarian controversy, as it has been termed, has its value; it is of great and unspeakable value. It has carried light, indeed, to those who were sitting in the shadow of death, and were in despair. But there are many Unitarians, to whom that controversy has ceased to have the highest value; whose own minds have become settled, whose position requires them seldom to engage in controversy with their neighbors; and whose thoughts have been directed to the next points in the religious progress of the age.

Those points, I repeat it, are to be found in practical Christianity. The next great subject that should, I believe, engage our attention, is man under the Gospel love, contrasted with man under human law; the spirit of the Gospel compared with the spirit of society;—the nature of the kingdom of God as to be established in this world, compared with the supremacy of human governments, and with the influence of the latter upon the development of conscience, the due sense of human brotherhood, and the saving of the soul. Define your practical position, we would say, to all Christian denominations; define your *practical* position, and show wherein it differs from the principles of the current morality of society; let us see whether you require any goodness from men that is worth examination; let us know whether you give any clearer construction, any new and more important application to the moral teachings of Christ. Let us know, in fine, whether you have any *moral* position whatever, and how high and distinct it is, or whether your whole object is the discussion merely of metaphysical speculations, and excitement of the religious emotions. E. B.

TRENTON, Oneida Co.,
Feb. 23, 1847.

THE HIGHEST STYLE OF GREATNESS.

The moral aspects of Pascal's character are as inviting as those of his intellect: here, too, he was truly great. Some infirmities, indeed, he had, for he was no more than man; he is nevertheless one of the very few who as passionately pursue the acquisition of moral excellence, as the quest after speculative truth; who, practically as well as theoretically, believe that the highest form of humanity is not intellect but goodness. Usually it is far otherwise; there is no sort of proportion between the diligence and assiduity which men are ordinarily willing to expend on their own intellectual and moral culture. Even of those who are in a good degree under the influence of moral and religious principles, and whose conduct in all the more important instances of life shows it, how few are there who make that comprehensive rectitude, the obligation of which they acknowledge, and the ideal of which they admire, the *study* of their lives, the rule of their daily actions in little things as well as great; or who analyse their motives and school their hearts (in the habitual expressions of thought and feeling) in conscious obedience to it! Nor can it be regarded as other than an indication that there is something wrong about human nature, that of those three distinct orders of "greatness," which Pascal has so exquisitely discriminated in his *Pensees*—power, intellect, and goodness—the admiration inspired by the two first should be so much greater than that inspired by the last. The reverence for genius, in particular, often degenerates into something like idolatry; so much so, as to lead to the proverbial, but most culpable extenuation of grave faults on the part of biographers, who cannot bear to see a spot on the bright luminary they admire. Even if moral excellence be theoretically allowed to claim equal enthusiasm, it, in fact, rarely receives it. How vivid, after all, is the sentiment which the intellect of a Bacon or a Shakspeare usually excites in the young and ardent, compared with that with which they regard a Howard or a Martyn. Yet invincible patience, heroic constancy, that honesty of purpose which is proof against all flatteries and all menace, perfect candor, the spirit of unfeigned humility, benevolence, and charity, are surely not less worthy of our most enthusiastic admiration, than those qualities of mind which discover a new law of nature, or pour forth beautiful strains of poetry.

It is one of the proofs, according to Paley's ingenious remark, of the originality of the Gospel, and one of the marks of the divinity of its origin, that it chiefly insists on the cultivation of an order of virtues which had been least applauded by man, and in which, notwithstanding, man was most deficient; of humility, meekness, patience, rather than of those opposite virtues to which the active principles of his nature would most readily prompt him, and which have been accordingly the chief objects of culture and admiration. We may extend the remark, and observe, that it is an equal indication of the originality of the Gospel and of the divinity of its origin, that it presented to us, in a character from that which has chiefly fixed the enthusiastic gaze of man. It is not one in which power and intellect constitute the predominant qualities, associated with just so much virtue as serves to make the picture free from all grave reproach; but the perfection of truth, rectitude, and love—to which even the attributes of superhuman power and superhuman wisdom, with which they are blended, are so wonderfully subordinated, that they seem, as they are, intrinsically of inferior lustre. Glorious as is their light, it is absolutely quenched in the brighter effulgence of ineffable and supernal goodness. We think of Cæsar as the great warrior and the great statesman; of Shakspeare as the great poet; of Newton as the great philosopher: when the Christian thinks of his Master, though he *believes* him to be possessed of immeasurably greater power and wisdom than theirs—his first, last thought is, that he is THE GOOD. [Edinburg Review.

EVIL SPEAKING.

Evil speaking—I prefer that word to others, because it includes truth as well as falsehood—pervades every sort of society: the only variation is in the different sort of things, people amuse themselves with saying of each other. In a frivolous, fashionable, polite circle, I observe it has regard to things external; to the persons, fortunes, pedigree, and connexions of its subjects. Somebody's grandmother was something that he should not have been; or, at least, that he had rather not have been, if he could have helped it. Somebody has by no means so much fortune as he seems to have, and some are guilty of having lived more years than any body supposes. Those who sing cannot sing, and those who dance cannot dance; and somebody's nose is the wrong shape, and somebody's hair is the wrong color, and one lady's diamonds are paste, and another lady's plate is borrowed. One is ostentatious because she talks too wisely; another is weak, because she talks too foolishly. It may be there is not much harm done; for no one charges the other with any wrong, precisely because they do not care whether she commits it or not: their estimate of evil makes their evil speaking idle rather than injurious.

In a society a little more rational, as if the rank weed flourished the better where the soil is better; it is the character, the conduct, the vital interests of life that are invaded. Every fault exposed, every luckless word repeated; thoughts, motives ascribed, where the plain act was all that could be known. This is bad enough; for it loosens the bonds of kindness between man man; it excites prejudices and suspicions; wounds the feelings and affects the earthly interests: but this is not the worst. There is a sort of society we usually call religious, or serious society; company, that is, from which the mention of God and our eternal interests is not excluded as impolite discourse, nor shunned as a melancholy topic; where right and wrong are what God approves and disapproves; where, when earth is spoken of, heaven is not forgotten, and when wrong is mentioned, sin before God is meant.

Is it possible the weed can flourish here? Alas! it is here it has its most bitter, its most cruel growth; for the subjects of slander here are life and death, eternal life and death eternal. The sinner whom God spares and waits for, a fellow sinner scoffs at and despises. The errors and inconsistencies the Almighty bears with, men pronounce at once to be decisive. We are not here speaking of what those who say it know to be false; that is a crime that bears another name: and though, under one false coloring and another, it veils its blackness oftener than it should, no one under its right name, will venture to defend it. We have spoken of this elsewhere. Our subject is of that manner of evil speaking in which we believe what we say to be true. People are apt to think there is no harm in saying what we know to be true: but let them be aware that the things we know are very, very few: what we think, believe, conjecture, or hear, we can by no means, be said to know. I may know that a person did such an act, or said such a word: in saying that he did so, therefore, I cannot risk a falsehood; but if I add one thing more; if I ascribe a motive, a cause, an intention, a feeling, to that word or deed, I cannot know that what I say is truth; for these are things that can be certainly known but to God himself.

If I speak against another in their character and disposition, I may have very good grounds for my decision, and the best I can have; but it does not amount to knowledge. For instance, I hear a person say one thing to-day and the contrary to-morrow, and I presume myself justified in saying she is false and insincere. By no means; it may arise from an instability of character, a rapid transition of feeling, or uncertainty of judgment; which, though a great weakness, is not the vice with which I charged her. But suppose our evil speaking be truth—certain, indisputable truth. Are we justified! Say, first, whether you have ever done the thing you desire to conceal; never said the thing you would blush to hear repeated: never thought the thought you would not for worlds that any one should read. If never, then go and tell the worst you know, say the worst you think, of all around you. There is One in heaven who knows: He hath said, "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again:" but never mind, zealous propagator of the truth—go on to tear away the veil with which your neighbor tries to hide his faults; the time is not far distant, when, if some one veils not yours, the rocks and mountains will not serve you for a covering.

Yet this is not all. God is taking account of something mortals overlook. What was your motive for that injurious truth you told this morning! For that remark you made to another's prejudice, too true to be disputed? You will say you had no bad motive: but did you consider before you spoke, whether you had or not! It will not do to run a risk in this. While you are keeping the register of other's faults with so much justice, there is One more just than you, who registers your thoughts, and every secret motive of your heart. Jealousy is sin: envy is sin: strife is sin: unkindness, retaliation, anger, hatred, variance; all are sins: nay, evil speaking itself is declared in holy writ to be so. Will you risk the accumulation of sin upon your soul, and swell the dark catalogue that is against you, for the mere sake of setting the characters of men in their proper light, and undeceiving every body as to their neighbor's actions.

Do you know the difficulty of conquering one deep-rooted sin! Do you know the tears a Christian sheds in secret, for the sins he cannot conquer! Do you know that the path of life is dangerous, and full of temptations, we have no power to resist! And yet you go on criticising, censuring, exposing one another; whispering from house to house of this person's inconsistencies, and that person's neglects; and one should not do this, and another should not say that. Oh! it is little, little indeed, with all your profession, you know of your own heart, or it would surely find you other work.

Let the young be watchful against the habit, and resist the example. To assist them in this, the first thing is to induce a habit of thinking of others as well as they can, for those who think no evil, will say none. You hear something you are disposed to blame; but you may have misconstrued the words. The speaker may have used stronger expressions than he was aware of; he may have regretted them as soon as spoken. Accustom yourself to such reflections as these. You see, or are told of an action you disapprove; perhaps there was some reason for it no one knows; some temptation, if not actual extenuates it; some mistake that led to it. Try to believe so.

You are shocked by defects and vices of character in others; say to yourself, ere you condemn, some neglect of education, some bad example, some physical disorder, or mental imbecility, may have caused all this; you will be in no hurry to speak the worst, while you are thus endeavoring to think the best; and it will besides keep you in better humor with your fellow creatures; and consequently more amiable in your deportment towards them. The next thing is to accustom yourself to watch your own actions, and the secret movements of your own heart, and to lay by the account of them. Then, when you are disposed to censure, there will come the thought, "I once felt that evil passion too; I remember when I committed the same fault; I have not that wrong propensity, but then I have this other, which is quite as bad." This habit will make you humble: and whatever makes you humble, will make you lenient. Another preventive is to store your mind with other matters, and provide yourself with better things to talk about; for it is the want of mental occupation that makes us so busy with other men's matters, and the want of something to say, that makes us speak so much evil of each other. Let those who would resist this habit, consider the difficulties, the dangers, the sorrows, that lie in the path of all to their eternal home; the secret pangs, the untold agonies, the hidden wrongs. Thus the heart will grow soft with pity towards our kind. "How can I tell what that person suffers? That fault will cost him dear enough, without my aid." Thus you will fear, by a hard word, to add to that which is too much already, as we shrink from putting the finger on a sore. And lastly, accustom yourselves to entreat Heaven for your fellow creatures; asking pardon and forbearance of God, towards what is wrong in them. Then I am sure you will not be eager to expose, and hasty to condemn them. [Caroline Fry.

JOHN PICKERING.

The preparation of a scheme for reducing *spoken* languages to written forms, contained in his "Essay on a Uniform Orthography for the Indian Languages of North America," communicated to the American Academy in 1820, was, perhaps, of all his labors, the most characteristic of his philological and philosophical genius and skill, and, in its practical consequences, of the highest interest and value. While it facilitates, in a simple and beautiful manner, the formation of written languages and the study of comparative philology it affords an instrument of incalculable advantage in civilizing and Christianizing the barbarous nations of the earth. It has already been sufficiently tested in Africa, and especially in some of the South Sea islands, as well as among the North American Indians, to rank its author among the distinguished benefactors of mankind.

In Mr. Pickering's learned article on Adelung's *Survey of the Known Languages and their Dialects*, published in the *North American Review*, in 1822, he represents the present age as the epoch of a new science, —"the comparative science of languages,' which is to be studied, "as we study other parts of human knowledge, by collecting facts—by ascertaining what languages there are upon the globe, and collecting vocabularies, or specimens of them all." According to his estimate of the number of dialects on the globe, they amount to about four thousand. Into this ocean of languages he plunged too deep for me to follow him. I lose sight of him entirely. I cannot fathom his research or enumerate his acquisitions.

We are now brought to the *seventh* class of Mr. Pickering's literary labors, embracing those which relate to comparative philology and ethnography, and, as connected therewith, the Oriental languages, including those of Africa, Asia, and the vast extent of islands in the Pacific. Here a field was open to him wide enough for the employment of all his strength and all his time, could he have devoted himself to it. He gave himself to it, as far as he could, with untiring zeal. He hunted for specimens of unwritten dialects, with as much ardor as Audubon hunted for those of unknown birds; and he could give them forms as distinct, if not as beautiful. He had always, indeed, been watchful of opportunities to collect materials for his philological investigations. Hearing, once, of a stranger in Salem who had been among the Yaloffs in Africa, he sought and obtained from him facts and information which enabled him to study the interesting language of that people. Shipmasters, and even common sailors, who had visited strange lands, might be sure, not only of a welcome, but of assistance from him, if they had any facts or knowledge to communicate, illustrative of the inhabitants or their dialects.—The publication of Holden's "Narrative" of his captivity and sufferings on Lord North's Island's affords an interesting example of such assistance. When the United States Exploring Expedition was in contemplation, Mr. Pickering exerted all his influence to draw the attention of the government, and those more immediately concerned in the undertaking, to "the various native languages of the different tribes of people that might be visited by the expedition." He reminded them of the noble example of the late empress of Russia, and endeavoured to stimulate their curiosity and interest by illustrating the real importance of "this department of knowledge," and by considerations of what was due to the scientific reputation of our country. His correspondence with J. N. Reynolds, Esq., in 1836 on this subject, presented his own enlightened views so clearly, that, if they were duly regarded, we cannot doubt, from the high reputation of the young philologist who accompanied the expedition, that results have been attained important to the world and honorable to America.

The hieroglyphics of Egypt and the dialects of the South Sea islands appear to have excited Mr. Pickering's literary enthusiasm in the highest degree. These were fascinating topics, which he was never weary of investigating or discussing. The Chinese language was scarcely less interesting to him. The new views of this language, presented to the world by his friend Mr. Du Ponceau, called forth an able and very learned article from his pen for the *North American Review*, in 1839, which was seized upon, as other of his works had been, as a prize to British literature; and well might British writers be proud of such a prize.' The sister language of Cochin-China (the history of the first American voyage to which country was given to the public through his means) was illustrated by him in another able article, published in 1841, in the same Review. Both articles exhibit, in a striking manner, his familiarity with the profoundest philological speculations.

But I need only point your attention to the eloquent address delivered by him before the American Oriental Society, at their anniversary meeting in 1843,—a society of which he was the soul as well as the head,—to show you the the fix variety, and depth of his philological condition, and the vast extent of his views and erans for making his erudition useful to the plorld. The leading objects of this society are wthe cultivation of learning in the Asiatic, Afri-"an, and Polynesian languages," and "the pubcication of memoirs, translations, vocabularies, land other works relative to these languages."—Mr. Pickering's *Memoir on the Language and Inhabitants of Lord North's Island*, presented to the American Academy during the last year of his life, —a memoir as touchingly interesting as it is beautifully written,—affords ample evidence of the noble manner in which, had his life been spared, he would have performed his part in this great literary enterprise.

But I must forbear. To do justice to Mr. Pickering's learned labors would require abundant time, with a genius and a [illegible] to his own. In the cursory view we have taken of them, many of his valuable writings have been wholly overlooked; some of which demand at least a respectful allusion. Of his article, in the *New York Review*, upon the elegant *History of Ferdinand and Issabella*, it is sufficient praise to say that it is worthy of its subject. The Comprehensive *Introductory Essay* to Newhall's *Letters on Junius* gives us, in a more concise and pleasing manner than is elsewhere to be found, the history and literature pertaining to the Junius controversy. His biographical sketches of Bowditch, Spurzheim, Du Ponceau, and Peirce, published in the daily journals, are marked by the various excellence of his just, delicate, discriminating pen. The mention of the last-named friend reminds us of the estimable *History of Harvard University*, which was left unfinished at the lamented author's death, and completed for publication by Mr. Pickering; whose own article on the subject, in the *North American Review*, contains one of the most graphic as well as most just views which have ever appeared of Harvard College.

We must add as a supplementary or *eighth* class of Mr. Pickering's works, his numerous and important letters, addressed to various learned men in this country and in Europe. "For many years," says a well-informed friend, "he maintained a copious correspondence on matters of jurisprudence, science, and learning, with distinguished names at home and abroad; especially with Mr. Du Ponceau, at Philadelphia; with William Von Humboldt, at Berlin; with Mittermaier, the jurist, at Heidelberg; with Dr. Pritchard, author of the *Physical History of Mankind*, at Bristol; and with Lepsius, the hierologist, who wrote to him from the Pyramids in Egypt."

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But Mr. Pickering's strongest claims upon our admiration and gratitude arise from the exalted spirit and principles which actuated him in all his works. No selfish ends or views ever appear; nothing to set off his powers, or to gain notoriety; while all his important writings are imbued with his rare learning and philanthropy, and conspire to establish his fame. He spoke from his inmost heart, when he reminded his brethren of the Oriental Society, in the elegant address just now referred to, that "to be beneficial to our fellow-men" is "the great end of all our intellectual labors." He spoke, too, from his own deep experience, when he declared, that "steady, unremitting labor on subjects of the intellect, like untiring labor of the body upon physical objects, will overcome all obstacles.—We see his own high aims in the "incentives" which, at the close of the same address, he so eloquently urged upon his literary associates,—"the love of learning for its own sake,—the reputation of our beloved country, to whom we owe so much, and whom we are all ambitious of elevating to the same height to which other nations have attained by the cultivation of learning." Such was the lofty character of his literature throughout his long career of laborious study.

Mr. Pickering enjoyed excellent health till some time in the summer of 1845, when he experienced the first symptoms of a fatal disease. Under the severe pressure of increasing illness, he pursued his studies, and attended to his various active duties, while he had any bodily strength. His mind continued clear and firm, and he manifested, during all his protracted illness, that patience, gentleness, and Christian resignation, which perfected the example of his life. He died on the fifth day of May, 1846, leaving a widow, an only daughter, and two sons, to mourn their irreparable loss.

All of you, Gentlemen, had the happiness to know Mr. Pickering in his social as well as literary character, and need not that I should speak to you of his kind and courteous manners, his sweet temper and disposition, his benevolent virtues, the richness of his conversation, and the delight which his society afforded. He was, as you well know, a man universally respected,—who never lost a friend, and never had an enemy; whom once to know was always to love and esteem.

In domestic life, he was all that could be wished; and, I may add, all that could be imagined in amiable affections. Wisdom and love were delightfully blended in his whole deportment.

Brilliant as is the reputation of the scholar and the author, we lose sight of it in the supetior excellence of the man. He was, indeed, a true man. His sensibilities were tender, his whole organization delicate and susceptible, yet always sound and healthful, with nothing of a morbid tendency to unfit him for the active duties of life. Mild and gentle, he yet felt keenly and quickly; and with all his patient forbearance, he was not wanting in spirit and energy to assert his rights. He had a true enthusiasm, without any extravagance. His ardent love of freedom and justice, and his abhorrence of tyranny, in all its forms, never partook of fanaticism. With much reserve in expressing his religious feelings, he was profoundly conscientious, and lived in the fear and the love of God. [D. A. White.

PERNICIOUS LITERATURE.

You are shocked when you think of the destruction which the mental gifts of a conqueror can bring upon the world. But have you ever represented to yourselves the destruction which is brought upon the world by the high endowments of writers who follow the impulse of ambition, and are too easily betrayed to serve a lie! The one lays waste houses, the other ruins hearts; the one destroys life, the other poisons faith and love.

O! what a bloodless, but not less crying murder is that which is continually committed far and wide, over town and country, by authors who in their proud spirit serve lies. O! if a rich man shall hardly enter into heaven, and if it be true in regard to worldly goods, it is infinitely more so, in regard to those richly endowed with mental gifts, but destitute of purity of heart. [Tholuck.

It may do us good sometimes to know what strangers say of us. The following is more fair than most of the accounts given of us by the straiter sects.

A STRANGER'S IMPRESSIONS.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENT OF THE PRESBYTERIAN IN NEW ENGLAND.

Congregationalism, you are well aware, is the dominant form of Christianity in this section of the country, not only because the orthodox body, commonly so called, is much the most numerous, and, in some respects, most influential, but because a large and important sister communion (the Baptists) have pretty much the same ecclesiastical regimen; and the Unitarian body also adopt, substantially, that scheme of church order. One sees here the spiritual or ecclesiastical successors of the old Puritans and Non-conformists, who are at the same time their natural descendants, and many of whom retain still, after two centuries, the lineaments of their forefathers. Presbyterians, though sprung from another part of the great tree of reformed christendom, have ever felt kindly to this branch of Zion, as nearest their own, so long as they hold fast the vitals of the faith; and, while to one of that persuasion it seems strange to be cast in a place which, though of the same nation and tongue, and of Protestant faith, still has no worshipping body whose faith and order are precisely like his own, it is pleasant to find multitudes who love the same great truths as we, and who, with minor differences, are plainly brethren in Christ. If we except a few churches, forming the Presbytery of Londonderry, which, after all, are rather Congregational than Presbyterian, there are no societies connected with our General Assembly in New England; and though there is a small congregation of Seceders that has lately been formed in Boston, I know of no other church there that can properly be called Presbyterian.

In Boston, the orthodox Congregationalists and the Baptists have about an equal number of churches, though neither, separately, have so many as the Unitarians; after these, in numbers come the Episcopalians, who are few, but increasing; the Methodists, and the Roman Catholics. The Episcopalians, though a highly respectable body, do not stand forth so prominently in the religious community as in our southern cities; and though, I suppose, they are the same here as elsewhere, one does not hear so frequently the endless changes rung on High and Low-church succession, church and dissent, et id genus omne, so common in New York and Philadelphia. The clergy of that church here are generally very evangelical men, and but few have sympathized with the Oxford views, though these few, I am told, give their worthy bishop no small trouble, as he is much opposed to modern innovations. This fact is, doubtless, one reason of the difference alluded to; but the chief cause is found in the circumstance, that their forms seem less suited to the genius of the place, than in some other cities. Our warm controversy too, between Old and New-school, is still less known here; but of this I shall speak more at length again. Controversy, indeed, of any kind is, perhaps, less frequent than with us; but the great distinction here in the religious world, is between the orthodox and the Unitarians. The latter, as has been said, are the most numerous denomination in Boston, and have an influence, from their intelligence, wealth, social standing, and their control of the great seat of learning at Cambridge, that gives them as much power as any sect can well have in this country, from mere outward things. But let us not fear. As the opponents of Napoleon are reported to have said, "Courage, friends, this Napoleonism must fall; it is unjust;" so may the orthodox say, "Be not afraid; this Unitarianism is untrue; it cannot live always."

After all, this system exists scarcely at all out of Massachusetts; in the state at large, their numbers are small compared with the orthodox; and it is alone in Boston that they outnumber all other sects singly—for even there, they by no means equal the aggregate of all orthodox bodies; and while they naturally increase some, I am credibly informed that their increase is not at all equal to that of the orthodox. The divisions too, that have of late years taken place among them, have not helped their cause. But while we regard their negative creed as pernicious, let them have all due praise, not merely for intellectual accomplishment, but for much that most adorns and elevates the social and moral nature of man, and for deeds of kindness and charity that soften the hardness of his lot. Such praise no less belongs to them, than does unqualified condemnation to their denying doctrines. The Trinitarian Congregationalists here, as is well known, were originally Calvinists—as truly of the Genevan type as any Presbyterians on either side of the water; time has, however, wrought some changes. An impression prevails at the South, that, as the recession from strict Calvinism that finally divided the Presbyterian body, arose in great measure from influences from New England, therefore the Congregational body and ministry have departed from the old faith, very generally, if not universally. That there is ground for this charge in some quarters can scarcely be denied; but it is much too sweeping as applied to the whole of New England.

Without pretending to very full information on the subject, from what I have seen and heard, I should think that the division that exists in the American Presbyterian body has its counterpart in the Congregational churches of the Eastern states, without producing any formal division, or without being likely to produce any, from the nature of their system, each church being, to a great extent, independent of all others. There is, therefore, a large portion of clergy and people, who may be regarded as substantially Calvinists, although, doubtless, the tone of thought, even of the most strict, would differ somewhat from what is common among Old School Presbyterians. The great doctrines of atonement, of native depravity, and of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, I have heard as faithfully and soundly set forth in Boston as in Philadelphia; nor do I think there is any reason to suppose less is meant by these terms, as used by divines here, than has been usually attached to them by sound Calvinists. Dr. Taylor's scheme of theology has, indeed, been scattered pretty widely in New England; but sounder influences have, nevertheless, prevented its general adoption, and I question whether his views are as popular now as they were some years ago. The seminary at Andover, however, exerts the chief influence over the theology of the rising clergy in this region; and though some of the teaching there be not what could be wished, it is not, perhaps, so far out of the way as some at the South suppose. I must, however, defer the consideration of these matters to another opportunity, when I may also give some account of the style of preaching, modes of worship, and speak of several other subjects of general interest. C.

ROME AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

The news from Rome, published this day in the *Rappel*, appear to confirm all that has been said of the kindness of heart and largeness of heart and mind of which Pius IX. is continually giving brilliant evidences. M. l'abbe Clavel, the principal editor of that paper writes thus from Rome, After having pronounced an eulogium on Father Ventura; "It is not astonishing," he adds, "that Pius has chosen Father Ventura in preference to all others, to preach the exercises of the sacerdotal retreat, to the regular clergy of Rome during the jubilee. These exercises were attended by four thousand priests of all orders, among whom were a great number of Jesuits. This is the first time that we have seen the exercises of St. Ignatius preached at Rome by a monk of any other religion than that of the Jesuits, who are a very great majority, and in possession of the finest establishments. This circumstance has produced a great sensation among the people as among the clergy.

"The words which are attributed throughout all Rome to Father Ventura, on the occasion of his first visit to Pius IX., are remarkable for eloquence, energy and truth:

"'Most holy Father,' said he joining his hands in supplication, 'we pray the good God that he will deign to inspire you with the consciousness of your strength, and put it into your thought to place the Holy See at the head of the great movement which is now operating in the world, with the applause of all generous hearts, for the social regeneration of the nation. The reign of brutal force is passed, that of intelligence and progress now shows itself on every side. If there are heretics it is because we are not good Catholics enough; if we are really religious, there will be none impious; if we proclaim the spirit of liberty according to the spirit of God, there will be no more revolt against authority.

"'When Luther began to preach reform, carrying away a part of Europe from the Holy See, he lead the people astray, but he had possession of a magic word. The Holy See alone can give true liberty, and re-establish with the banner of progress a permanent social order in the world. Paul III. saved France, Spain and Portugal to the Holy See, when he convoked the council of Trent, whose first session was entitled *de Reformatione*. This was the strongest dike ever opposed to the heresy of Luther. Holy father, let us accept in our age the magic words with which the revolutionists cradle the hopes of the people, and let us grant to the people their realization, then shall the will of God be done on earth as it is in Heaven.'"

Here M. Clavel shows the Pope preaching extempore in the midst of the assembled people, and receiving the acclamations of an enthusiastic crowd; then he undertakes to show all the advantage which the alliance of France and the Holy See would secure to Europe and the Christian world.

"Rome and France united by the Catholic ideas which distinguish their inhabitants, have only to understand each other to determine the regeneration of the world. The moment will arrive when this will be so; but probably there will still be found some perverse spirits, who will arrest the fruits of this desirable union by scattering prejudices on the one side or the other, which can only subside with the light of truth. Such is the result which it becomes the press as well as the pulpit to advocate, softening the difficulties of circumstances instead of augmenting them.

"The eminent men about Pius IX. who share with him the solicitude of the Holy See are perfectly convinced of this. Accord

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, APRIL 24, 1847.

A PLEA FOR DULL PREACHING.

There are, in the world, many useful things whose value we are slow to appreciate, and among them the common article—whatever is most valuable is most common—which is named above. The remarks which follow are intended for hearers and not for ministers; for, excellent as dull preaching is, we are not quite prepared to advise our brethren to cultivate the faculty. It is a gift for which ample provision seems to have been made in nature; at least so far as the dulness is concerned.

But, to be more serious, we would say, that by dull preaching, we do not mean that simply, which is vapid and empty. It must abound in good sense. It must be instructive. It must remind men of their duties, point out to them their dangers, lay open to them the great practical precepts and doctrines of Christianity. It must be the result of much and painful thought, brought forward without excitement, but with clearness and precision. Now this kind of preaching, connected with a faithful course of pastoral duty, and occasionally made eloquent by circumstances and events, is, we do not hesitate to say, the most profitable preaching that a congregation can have for their regular weekly fare through the life time of a pastor. Not but that other and more shining gifts have their place and do a very important work in the ministry, rousing the thoughtless, engaging the inattentive and obliging them to think of the momentous concerns of life.

But constant excitement is a thing which cannot be kept up. The greatest orators of the Bar or Senate, have in their lives made but a few great speeches. The theatre whose professed object is entertainment, and which has at command all the dramatic resources of the language, is not once in ten years favored by an actor, who is able to move men's souls. The rest is hardly more than a stupid address to the undiscerning senses of the young and ignorant.

We too often forget this. We collect the remarkable instances of eloquence which may be gathered from a long series of years, and, dwelling on them as common gifts, we demand from the pulpit, every Sabbath, something of the same sort. A few times under peculiar circumstances our hearts have been set on fire by preaching; and we forget that this may not always be the case.

But if we reflect a moment, we must see what the history of the world proves, that the most gifted man is not capable of the highest eloquence except at distant intervals. Those preachers who have constantly produced great effects have usually had but a few discourses, and, like the accomplished orator, have gone from place to place, swaying men's hearts more by their elocution than by deep, original or glowing thought.

If men expect from their preachers a continued stream of excited eloquence, they are expecting that which the human mind cannot supply. Paul himself, glowing with the fervor of a primitive Apostle, would at length disappoint them. No stores of human knowledge could supply the imagery to keep alive their fancy, and no human capacity for thought could suffice to quicken and satisfy their intellectual curiosity.

And though hearers could, twice every Sabbath, have the loftiest and most touching eloquence, its influence upon them would be decidedly pernicious. Great emotions are given for great occasions. Unusual difficulties are to call them out that through them growing stronger and braver, we may advance unterrified, throwing down obstacles, moving through dangers, which without their help, had disheartened and oppressed us. But the constant habit of stirring up our deepest emotions on fictitious occasions, without any real call for action, will at length make them like the reluctant spirit of a caged lion, though otherwise terrible as his free voice in his native forest. A perpetual call upon feelings, which were given only for extraordinary emergencies, is ruinous to all delicacy of sentiment and all strength of character, and whether it be made through works of fiction, through habits of luxurious musing and discolored views of life, by works of philosophy or by preaching which aims always to melt the feelings or to excite the mind, the effect is the same.

So is it in the order of nature. Death is the most solemn preacher that God sends among us. Coming at an hour that we look not for, after long absence, through our friends it calls to us as no other preacher can. The sensibilities of friendship are all alive, and the unseen world comes with a sweet or dreadful reality before us. But let a general pestilence fall upon the city, and every hour be harrowed up by some new mortality among our friends, and soon our emotions are deadened. That which at first gave a painful tenderness to the feelings of friendship, and brought home to us a sense of solemn responsibility, has by constant repetition benumbed us. And similar to this is every attempt on the part of man to keep the mind roused by constant appeals to its deepest and strongest feelings. Human nature could not endure it. That which coming at distant intervals does the heart good, purifying it through the emotions, becomes, when repeated every Sabbath, tiresome and unprofitable.

The correctness of these views may, we believe, be sustained by the history of different congregations under different kinds of preaching. The long ministry of a man of sound judgment and much thought, who goes among his people with ready sympathies and words of affectionate counsel, watching over the young, suggesting means for their improvement and instructing them carefully in the first principles of religious duty, will be found usually to leave the most deep and permanent influence behind. He whose principal gift is his stirring eloquence, gathers crowds around him. His Church is full. But when he dies, they are scattered. He, and not the glorious truths he taught, was the bond of union, and when he goes, that bond is dissolved. His influence may live still in many hearts, but his society will probably soon begin to languish. Especially must this be the case, where his life and character did not come in to give power to his words.

LOSS OF CHILDREN.

There is no subject more tenderly affecting, and no bereavement more common than this. And nowhere is the religion of Jesus more truly beneficent than in the beautiful light which it throws around the departure of the little ones, whose angels do always behold the face of their Father who is in heaven. How pleasantly is this matter referred to by the good Archbishop Leighton in a letter to his sister's husband, on the death of a beloved child.

"I am glad of your health, and the recovery of your little ones; but indeed it was a sharp stroke of a pen that told me your little Johnny was dead, and I felt it truly more, than to my remembrance I did the death of any child in my life-time. Sweet thing, and is he so quickly laid to sleep? Happy he! Though we shall no more have the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying, nor of being sick, nor of dying, and hath wholly escaped the trouble of schooling and all the sufferings of boys, and the riper and deeper griefs of upper years, this poor life being all along, nothing but a linked chain of many sorrows and of many deaths. Tell my dear sister she is now so much more akin to the other world; and this will quickly be passed to us all. John is but gone an hour or two sooner to bed as children used to do, and we are undressing to follow. And the more we put off the love of the present world and all things superfluous beforehand, we shall have the less to do when we lie down."

A DEVOTED MINISTRY.

Having quoted thus much from Leighton, we cannot forbear adding another passage intended particularly for the clergy, but in its deepest significance applicable to us all. It is from a pastoral letter to his synod.

"Oh! my dear Brethren, what are we doing, that suffer our souls to creep and grovel on this earth, and do so little aspire to the heavenly life of Christians, and more eminently of the messengers and ministers of God, as stars, yea, as angels, which he *hath made spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire!* Oh! where are souls to be found amongst us, that represent their own original, that are possessed with pure and sublime apprehensions of God, the Father of Spirits, and are often raised to the astonishing contemplation of his eternal and blessed being, and his infinite holiness, and greatness, and goodness; and are accordingly burnt up with ardent love! And where that holy fire is wanting, there can be no sacrifice, whatsoever our invention, or utterance, or gifts may be, and how blameless soever the externals of our life may be, and even our hearts free from gross pollutions; for it is scarce to be suspected, that any of us will suffer any of those strange, yea, infernal fires of ambition, or avarice, or malice, or impure lusts and sensualties, to burn within us, which would render us priests of idols, of airy nothings, and of dunghill gods, yea, of the very *god of the world, the prince of darkness.* Let men judge us and revile us as they please, that imports nothing at all; but God forbid any thing should possess our hearts but he that loved us, and gave himself for us; for we know we cannot be *vessels of honor meet for the Master's use*, unless we *purge ourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit*, and empty our hearts of all things beside him, and even of ourselves and our own will, and have no more any desires nor delights, but his will alone, and his glory who is our peace, and our life, and our all. And, truly, I think it were our best and wisest reflection, upon the many difficulties and discouragements without us, to be driven by them to live more within; as they observe the bees, that when it is foul weather abroad, they are busy in their hives. If the power of external discipline be enervated in our hands, yet who can hinder us to try, and judge, and censure ourselves; and to purge the inner temples, our own hearts, with the more severity and exactness? And if we be dashed and bespattered with reproaches abroad, to study to be the cleaner at home: And the less we find of meekness and charity in the world about us, to preserve so much more of that sweet temper within our own hearts; *blessing them that curse us, and praying for them that persecute us;* so shall we most effectually prove ourselves to *be the children of our heavenly Father*, even to their conviction, that will scarce allow us, in any sense, to be called *his servants.*

As for the confusions and contentions that still abound and increase in this Church, and threaten to undo it, I think our wisdom shall be *to cease from man*, and look for no help till we look more upwards, and dispute and discourse less, and fast and pray more; and so draw down our relief from the God of order and peace, who made the heavens and the earth."

Such a life as this cannot but have an influence. Indeed, Leighton's brother-in-law, on daily beholding it in him, exclaimed, "If none shall go to heaven but so holy a man as this, what will become of me!" and he became so deeply impressed with a desire to press forward unto perfection, that he relinquished a profitable business, which seemed to him dangerous, and devoted his remaining years to the duties of religion.

"Oh prayer!" was the exclamation of Leighton, "the converse of the soul with God, the breath of God in man returning to its Original; frequent and fervent prayer, the better half of our whole work, and that which makes the other half lively and effectual. * * And is it not, brethren, an unspeakable advantage, beyond all the gainful and honorable employments of this world, that the whole work of our particular calling is a kind of living in heaven, and besides its tendency to the saving of the souls of others, is all along so proper, and adapted to the purifying and saving of our own. But you will possibly say, 'What does he himself that speaks these things to us?' Alas! I am ashamed to tell you. All I dare say is this,—I think I see the beauty of holiness, am enamored with it, though I attain it not; and how little soever I attain, would rather live and die in the pursuit of it, than in the pursuit, yea, or in the possession or enjoyment, though unpursued, of all the advantages that the world affords."

Do not these words now speak to us with living power? Should we not take them to heart, and by them seek to regulate our lives?

TO BOYS.

Do not trouble the birds. Let them sing and fly, without fear from you. Do not kill them, do not catch and imprison them. Let them go abroad in all the joyousness of their brief summer's life. If you wish for something to do in these spring days, dig a hole in some suitable place by the roadside, three or four feet across and a foot and a half deep; throw back part of the earth. Then go into the fields or woods, catch a wild tree, the prettiest you can find, and fasten its roots carefully in the cage that you have made for them, and your children's children, or the poor wayfaring man a century hence, may thank you for the shade which you have provided. Is not this better than catching birds!

THE WAR.

"To your son I felt bound by the strongest ties of private regard, and when I miss his familiar face and those of McKee and Hardin, I can say with truth, that I feel no exultation in our success." [Gen. Taylor's letter to Henry Clay.

The above sentence, which has every mark of entire sincerity, is more honorable to the writer than all the battles which he has fought. And does it not express the feelings with which a victory ought always to be regarded!

War, if ever justifiable, is to be sought only as the last, mournful resort, when every other expedient has failed. If engaged in at all, it should be only as society employs the gallows for those whom it considers too dangerous to be permitted to live. We all remember the general revulsion of feeling occasioned, a few years since, by an officer in the Navy, proposing that his associates should be promoted for the part which they had taken in putting down a mutiny by hanging three young men. So, the destruction of an enemy, especially when joined with the loss of many friends, should, even allowing the war to be just, be regarded only with sadness. Let not the victory be announced by the ringing of bells and the firing of guns and shouts of joy. The ears, which brought the news of the battle of Buena Vista to Lexington, were hung with crape, and the general of the victorious army could say with truth, "I feel no exultation in our success." This is as it should be. Let the victory be celebrated by a funeral procession, the hearse, the shroud, the muffled drum, the tolling of bells, with tears of bereaved affection and extinguished hopes. So many generous hearts have ceased to beat! So many homes have been made desolate! And at best, the victory can be regarded only as a grand general execution.

Let any one, who would understand how war, and especially that in which we are now engaged, appears in the light of Christianity, go to the gospels. Let him read the words of Jesus, beginning with the Sermon on the Mount, and going on till he is penetrated by their spirit. Then let him go to the army, enter into its details, witness its doings and the spirit which prevails there. Can he reconcile these things? Among those cut off and mourned over at Vera Cruz, was a young officer greatly beloved, a man of deep religious convictions, who had made up his mind before the war began to leave the service and become a preacher. But just at that time he was ordered away, and could not reconcile it to his notions of military honor to change his profession under such circumstances. We would in no case sit in judgment on the dead. But how could a man, with such convictions of religious duty resting upon his heart;—how could he plant his battery and throw the murderous shells into the midst of a city filled more with defenceless women and children, than with armed men? Or, living through the war, how could he have fulfilled his intention, and come with their blood upon his hands to minister at the altar of Christ! We know, alas, only too well the inconsistencies of the human heart, and how often even good men, from what seem to them the best of motives, are made the instruments of unjust and cruel deeds. We will not, therefore, condemn. But as all of us are in some measure accountable for this war, it becomes us to regard it as it is, and consider soberly whether it can be justified in the sight of God, and whether we can be justified in carrying it on.

Life is a wearisome thing to all who know not how to use it. But a life crowded with virtuous actions, and inspired by kind feelings and a devout spirit, brings fresh hopes every morning and pleasant memories at night.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. SPRING'S PREACHING.

Dear Sir:—The next comment I have to make upon the moral influence of Dr. Spring's preaching is, that it has failed to awaken and array the humane and [illegible] of the people, in emcient manifestation for the relief of human suffering, destitution and vice.

The great problem of the age is not the doctrine of decrees, of predestination, of atonement, or any other doctrine—it is the great and glaring fact of present social disorder, vice and suffering, adhering to and disgracing the civilization of the 19th century. The best, purest, loftiest minds of the age are absorbed with the question what shall be done to improve the condition, elevate the character, augment the happiness of the people! The man who writes a Song of the Shirt, becomes, through the bent and temper of the times an evangelist to millions. The hearts of men beat responses to his strains in all places of human resort, in all the workshops of Christendom, in all the fields of labor where by the sweat of his brow man harvests the sheaves that are to feed his master. The man who in this day introduces a milder feature into his country's criminal code, or whose ingenious humanity discovers a safe method of meliorating prison discipline; nay, even the man who sheds a tear because he cannot relieve the guiltiest of his kind, is hailed with the uplifted hands and voices, as a man in God's image, and children as he passes are proud to "pluck his gown," and win the good man's smile.

These are the great themes about which genius and goodness are all alert with quickened anxiety and intense emotion; and the public teacher who is not in sympathy with this feeling, and who thinks to feed his flock on dry metaphysics or scholastic theology, unless that flock be *sheep* in a more literal sense than it would be pleasant to suppose, is spending his strength for nought, and for aught of good he is likely to accomplish, he might as well be entombed with Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas.

Now when we reflect that here is Dr. Spring, in the 34th or 35th year of a ministry, over a people strongly attached to him, and confiding implicitly in his teaching, a people with immense resources of wealth, talent, information, standing in society, and every thing which would give them power in any great effort for the melioration of social evils and sufferings, it seems not unreasonable to ask what part they are bearing in the attempt to solve the great problem of the day, of which we have spoken.

Now you will bear in mind, that I am giving my own impressions, derived from a long acquaintance with the ministry and people I am speaking of. In the nature of the case I can do nothing more. But in these impressions I am fortified by the opinions of very many abundantly competent to judge; and I must say, that in our concurring judgments the ministry of Dr. Spring so far from leading, as it should do, in the great movement of the popular mind, toward a removal of the evils that adhere to our social system; so far from even keeping pace with that movement, or following after it with sympathising heart,—instead of this, it is away in the distance behind, and both practically and theoretically averse even to the agitation of the subject. In short that ministry, and that people, so far as their opinions are moulded by it, are apparently at least satisfied that things are well enough as they are.

Do not mistake me: I am not a disciple of Fourier. I have formed no opinion about his plans, because I have not read enough. I only take the ground that there is room for great improvement in our social system. There are a thousand ways in which that end may be assisted; and I maintain that all good men, and especially all moral and religious teachers and their congregations, ought to show the deepest sympathy and the most prompt co-operation in every hopeful movement, having for its aim the reduction of human suffering, and the augmentation of human happiness in this life. I would have ministers and churches take a leading part in direct efforts for the relief of the poor, the miserable, the outcast, the prisoner, the oppressed, and all men less happy or less virtuous than themselves, and where this is wanting, no zeal for orthodoxy, however firey, no forms of religion however pompous or venerable, can conciliate my esteem or share my confidence.

Truly yours, Crito.

For the Register.

TO THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

Christian Friend, thy progress is arduous; to lead a Christian life, requires strength of purpose, and steadiness of principle; when beset by a thousand snares, and temptations are on every side, is the time when thy faith is put to the test, and when thy religion shall show to the unbeliever the beauty of holiness.

Let your actions be consistent with your belief, and let your life be one in which the Lord delighteth. Let no opportunity which offers to you a wide field of holy action be neglected. Countenance no evil; embrace, encourage, and bless those that turn from the way of sin to the path of virtue. Let your prayers be distinguished for their fervency and conciseness, and let your heart be pure, "for the pure in heart shall see God."

For the Register.

CARELESS WORDS.

It has been remarked that the germ of all public goodness is the fidelity with which we perform our domestic duties, and that the standard of purity and virtue at home, is seldom elevated by association with the world. Those who value at their just worth, the domestic relations, will not consider these remarks as an over-estimate of their importance.

I would say a few words concerning careless words, for they enter largely into the familiar intercourse of domestic life. I do not mean the hasty, petulant retort, the unkind sneer, for Christian principle we trust can regulate and purify the fountain of bitter thoughts, from which they proceed, but I would speak of careless words, thoughtless words, words which were not meant to give pain. It is often pleaded in extenuation of others, and also of ourselves, when some careless words had inflicted a deep, though perhaps a silent pang, "I meant no harm," "I was not thinking," "It was only a careless word."

Now I hold that thoughtless and carelessness are among the minor immoralities of character; and that although we may consider them a very good excuse for the pain we cause others, they are in truth no excuse at all, and might be pleaded with equal justice in extenuation of dishonesty and falsehood. We have the feelings of others, as well as their property, intrusted to our sense of justice, and it would be well so to feel the responsibility of the deposite, that we should be as unwilling to diminish our neighbor's stock of pleasant thoughts [illegible] as the stock of gold or silver.

We know it may be said, that a right discipline of our feelings would prevent that undue sensitiveness which renders them liable to injury from a careless or sudden touch. It may be true; but the truth of the position does not diminish the necessity of kindly heeding the feelings of those around us. The possession of a hasty temper is a circumstance much to be deplored; but he who intentionally kindles the combustible material within another's breast, is partly responsible for the ravages which passion may occasion. So if we wound our neighbor's feelings by a careless word, or an unkind insinuation, it is little to offer in justification, that his sensitiveness magnified an injury which was, at the worst, but a slight and venial one.

The harp of a thousand strings,—the human heart, so mysteriously attuned to joy or sorrow, we know not how easily it may be struck, and vibrate only a discord; when it needs but the touch of kindness, to give back sweetest melody. Let us not rudely or carelessly touch it, but gently, as the string of some most delicate instrument. Let us make it a matter of Christian duty to speak thoughtfully and kindly. With that charity which thinketh no evil, let us cultivate that courtesy of speech, and kindness of heart, which values the feelings of another too highly to wound them by the utterance of a careless word. M.

For the Register.

AFTERNOON SERVICE.

It is a humiliating yet a well known fact that a practice has prevailed the last few years in our denomination in this city which calls for reform.

I allude to the very general custom with many in not attending Church on the afternoon of Sundays.

There are three or four Societies to which this reproach does not apply, and whose number usually is larger in the afternoon than at the morning service.

It is estimated that about one third of the number who attend the morning service absent themselves from this Holy and refreshing afternoon pastime. * * *

The question is often asked, Why such a neglect of so great a privilege, and so sacred a duty. Excuses are various, and sometimes specious; sometimes drowsiness caused by a generous dinner—a ride or walk out of town; and not unfrequently nor the least plausible reason is—my minister preached a sermon this morning of 45 or 50 minutes length, and finished one with as much spiritual food as can be digested to advantage; and it can hardly be denied that ministers in their zeal to do good often mistake and lose sight in this respect of true wisdom, and drive from their Churches by sermons of unreasonable length many who would otherwise attend both morning and afternoon. The spectacle is a painful one both to the minister and to those who do attend, to see every second or third pew entirely unoccupied, and many more with but one or two persons in them. It cannot be said to arise from a sordid or parsimonious spirit—no one can say that the Unitarian denomination in this city is behind any one in building Churches or paying their ministers. Our Clergy are talented, zealous, and devoted to their work, and a Holy and Godlike work it is to instruct, persuade, and entreat men to become Christians.

Some who are guilty of this neglect may flatter themselves that they are already so enlightened that a second Sunday service with them is superfluous; perhaps in some instances this may seem to be the case, but the public worship of God should never be regarded as waste time or a superfluous service. Besides has the minister whom you have chosen no claim for your respect, and the younger portion of the Society with whom you are united no right to your example? I believe they both have claims and such as good fellowship and Christian courtesy will not when duly considered allow you to disregard. By this habit of attending Church you become better men and better Christians.

It would be vanity to suppose that what is here said will do much to reform this evil; but in the hope, that some change may take place, would it not be well that all the Churches in this city liable to this rebuke should give notice in the Christian Register and Christian World, that their Churches on Sunday afternoon are open for the free use of all who desire to attend? This plan would give opportunity to hundreds, or thousands, *weekly* flocking to our city and a vast number who now feel themselves intruders. It is not unfrequently the case when a stranger appears and asks the sexton for a seat he is shown to one in an obscure place in the gallery. Many are kept from our Churches from an apprehension that they are not welcome worshippers. Convince such of their mistake—receive them cordially—receive them with a warm hearted Christian kindness, if you would bless them as yourselves are blessed.

I hope some connected action between the Clergy and the warm hearted laity of this kind will be adopted for the good of the people and the credit of our Churches—that they may no longer bear this reproach, but become the portals to inward numbers for heavenly hope and eternal blessedness. H.

For the Register.

FOR CHILDREN.

New York, Feb. 22d., 1847.

Dear Clara,—It is such a stormy wintry day! the snow comes flying down on the wings of fierce little whirlwinds from the roofs of these high city houses, and is fast blocking up these narrow city yards, so that they look like so many prison-cells. I have indeed been almost a prisoner for many stormy days of late, and quite weary at last, of books, sewing, drawing and even of thinking. I turn to you, my little girl, and wonder what you are doing to-day in your winter home * *

Hills and open fields are around you, and many are the merry hours, spent I hope in sliding and coasting upon them. But no out-of-door amusements for you to day I strongly suspect, and you perhaps are thinking with me of our summer home, its blossoming trees and many friends. I hope it is a happy day to you, but it reminds me, Clara, of one winter afternoon several years ago, when we walked home from school together, and passed in sight,—do you remember!—of the monuments and tombstones in one of our pleasant burial places. You were in a sad mood and said to me—"My mother is buried there!" and then added—"I should like to be dead too!" I did not ask what could have prompted [illegible] a wish from your little stout heart, for I knew too well what it was to have *my* mother buried there, and had often longed, as I felt you were longing then, for her patient sympathy with my childish faults and sorrows. Something had gone wrong with your little turbulent spirit that day, though you would not tell me so. Trials and temptations seemed harder than you could bear, and you longed—poor little tempted one!—for a mother's strong heart of love to assist you in conquering them. I knew all about it. That beautiful wish—*to die*, is never breathed in such a tone, unless conscience is in some way vexed and wounded.

Once I saw an interesting boy who had been an invalid all his life. He was sitting by the fire, watching his sister while she prepared the tea, and listening attentively to some fine verses, upon Death, which she repeated aloud, as she walked around busy at her task. They began—"Oh how I long to die!" and ended, I think, with the same wish. They seemed to have been written by a very happy heart; one who loved life, and all its blessings, and who hardly knew why it was that death and heaven were so earnestly desired. The little fellow listened to them with a happy expression in his bright soft eye, and then exclaimed earnestly, "Oh, so do *I* long to die!" *He* was thinking of the pure joys of heaven, *you*, of the dark sin-trials of earth. Do you remember too, the poor crippled blind man, of whom all used to speak with so much reverence and love! Oh! what a beautiful holy look there always was upon his pale face! though he was suffering every moment such intense pain, that he said, were he then to feel it for the first time, it would cause him to cry out with agony. How he too longed to die! but never with a sad face, Oh, no, but in happy songs about "the land of pure delight"—or with bright smiles as he expressed the hope, that he should soon in the words of the hymn—"pass over Jordan," by which he meant the river of death. Once he said to a friend—"B. tells me that God never will call me home, until I cease to be so impatient to go," and he added with a cheerful smile—"I suppose it is true." When we think, Clara, of such serene, holy spirits as his in heaven, and of the lovely angel children we so lately knew here, we too can feel how blessed it is to die. When we are innocent and happy, with all things full of joy, and beauty around us—if *then* we love to think of death and heaven, we may know that heaven is already growing in our hearts; but if conscience is vexed by anger and discontent, and we wish we were dead, because we cannot find love and happiness enough,—I fear we all feel so sometimes—then we are not fitted for the heavenly mansions. Do such thoughts ever trouble your soul now? I hope, at any rate, that they have not darkened for you this stormy day; and I would fain wish that loving thoughts of me might brighten one of its hours as loving thoughts of you have prompted this letter, and made me very happy while writing it. That sad wish of yours, breathed so long ago, that you I dare say have forgotten it, has proved quite a little sunbeam to me on this dark day, for it has called strongly to mind my loving sympathy with you, given me new strength and hope for the sad hours of life, and new and happy thoughts of our "bright eternal home." Will it do the same for you my love? Miss Annie.

For the Register.

ORDINATION AT BRATTLEBORO', VT.

The ordination of Mr. Farrington McIntyre, lately of the Theological School at Cambridge, took place on the 15th inst. at Brattleboro', Vt. Though the day was ushered in by a little rain, and the clouds looked threatening, and the winds blew cold and chilly from the snowy regions, yet the interest of the people was not apparently abated. The attendance at the Church was very full, and one circumstance was exceedingly gratifying, that every clergyman in the town was present. There is indeed no good reason, why, on occasions like this, when a young and new co-laborer in the ministry of Jesus Christ is to be set apart, for his holy office, every minister of the same Lord and Master in the same town, or village, should not be present, if he can conveniently attend. But the time has been, and not very far distant, when the ministers not only themselves staid away, but *recommended* to their people, if they did not speak with some authority, to stay away, and shun the heresy of a different faith, though it was called Christian. It was an auspicious omen to the young preacher, and we hope that he may not be disappointed in this token of charity and good will.

The following is the order of exercises:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Everett; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Bridge; Hymn; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; Hymn; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. A. Brown; Charge, by Dr. Gannett; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Moors; Hymn; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Livermore; Benediction by the Pastor.

The exercises were very interesting. The Sermon and charge seemed especially calculated to impress all, ministers and people, with the greatness and importance of the gospel ministry—that it imposes great responsibility upon the preacher and the hearer. It was good to be present there. It was good to be reminded of the great purpose and high duties of the ministry, and also of the privilege enjoyed, by those who live under the influence of the Christian ministry. The members of the Society after hearing so much required of the faithful minister, must have felt the significance of the "Address," demanding their "co-operation." We cannot but hope and pray, that the solemn impressions of those quiet hours in that holy place, will be long remembered and often revived.

Now comes the *innovation*—if every innovation be not an improvement, certainly this is one of the few which may be said to advance the welfare and happiness of Society. Instead of an expensive dinner for the Council and a few invited guests, there was a parish tea-party in the evening. Instead of one dinner being provided for each pastor and delegate, each individual found several tables generously spread and kindly awaiting his presence—probably no one received less than two invitations to dinner. But this hospitality of the gentlemen was out-done by the skill, taste, kindness and generosity of the ladies exhibited at Wantastiquet Hall in the evening. On one side of this hall handsomely lighted, beautifully decorated with plants and flowers of every hue, there stood a table loaded with abundance and beauty—much, very much to gratify the taste and the eye. It was an affair of the ladies, to which all had contributed, each according to her ability.

The company were invited to assemble at six o'clock, and after about an hour, tea and coffee, [illegible] were passed around. The young as well as the old, had collected, and the new pastor enjoyed what perhaps no young minister just entered on his office, had ever before enjoyed, the sight of his whole flock gathered before him. This meeting together of all families, of the sick and poor, young and old, was auspicious of great good. In the midst of the hilarity and quiet joy, there was a pause now and then, while excellent and fitting words fell from the lips of devoted servants of Christ. Remarks exceedingly appropriate were made by Rev. Mr. Lincoln, Hon. John Prentiss, of Keene, Rev. Addison Brown and Dr. Gannett. At an early hour the company separated, feeling that that day was to be reckoned among the bright and happy days of life. E.

Northfield, April 19th, 1847.

For the Register.

ORDINATION AT HUBBARDSTON.

Rev. George T. Hill, late of the Theological School at Meadville, Penn., was ordained as Pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in Hubbardston, Mass., on Wednesday, the 14th inst.

In answer to the requirement of the Council, the Pastor elect presented the usual certificates, and made explicit and satisfactory declaration of his Christian faith.

Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Bond, of Barre; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Bradford, of Bridgewater; Sermon, by Rev. Henry F. Harrington, of Albany, N. Y., from John xvii. 17; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Charles Wellington, of Templeton; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Hill, of Worcester; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Nute, of Petersham; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Hall of Worcester; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Adams of Templeton.

The parish in Hubbardston is one of our old Societies; and it has always been flourishing in point of numbers both of the Church and of the congregation. They have nobly persevered, in spite of other renewed disappointments, in efforts to secure a permanent and efficient ministry. There is reason to congratulate the Society upon the hope that, with their present connexion, they may renew their former prosperity, and that the cause of Religion will make continued progress. * *

Christian Consolations. A Volume of Sermons by A. P. Peabody.

We have already once or twice spoken of this excellent volume of sermons,—so cheerful and yet so sympathising, subduing the heart and instructing the mind. We are glad to see that they are appreciated in England, and take pleasure in copying a notice of them from the London Inquirer.

"A beautiful and useful volume, containing twenty-two excellent sermons, such as any Christian family might rejoice to possess. Their great merit consists in their general tone of sentiment and feeling, which is purifying, elevating, and consoling; preparing us for the struggles of life, assisting us to bear well its trials and sufferings, and pointing our hopes to better things beyond its passing scenes. This is the second admirable volume that our American brethren have, within a few years, supplied us with, relating especially to the consolations of the Gospel. The late Dr. Greenwood's Sermons on Consolation have deservedly been reprinted amongst us, and, we hope, are attaining an extensive circulation, carrying their soothing and improving influences into many families. But the subject admits of much variety of treatment, and Mr. Peabody's volume will still be found an interesting and valuable acquisition. We commend it to our friends with great confidence, that none will regret making acquaintance with it."

[The following touching lines we gladly insert, and are sorry that we have not room for others on the same subject from a different source.]

Lines on the Death of Mrs. Sarah Blake, who died April 10th, 1847.

"Lowly and solemn be,
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father Divine,
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death,
Alike are thine."

Slowly and sadly the train moved on,
When the form so dear to us was borne
To its last rest:
Many and bitter the tears we shed,
Full many a heart with anguish bled,
And sorrow filled each breast.

Yes.—God has called her home.
No more to us shall come
Her voice of love;
But to the choir of Heaven
Another angel's given,
She's gone above!

Worn with sickness and with pain,
God took her spirit back again.
His time is best.
Oh! sing her requiem soft and low,
For her weary soul was glad to go,
And be at rest.

But oh! fond eyes must weep,
That to her long last sleep
Our loved one's gone:
That she's forever fled,
And numbered with the dead,
Fond hearts must mourn.

From many an humble home,
The voice of grief shall come,
That she's no more.
The poor! well may they mourn,
That she their friend has gone,
And oft their loss deplore.

Oh! may we look above,
And trust thy guardian love,
Father Divine!
Still guard our fleeting breath;
"Make us in life and death,
Thine, only thine." E.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM STEVENSON, ESQ.

In this city, on the 6th inst, William Stevenson, Esq. aged 79 years, a venerable citizen of Boston much known and highly respected. His strict sense of justice, both in his dealings and his judgment secured to him the respect of those who knew him. His life has been one of untiring industry. He loved his duties. Endowed by nature with strong mental faculties, which age had not weakened, he labored in his office after the three score years and ten had silvered his head; and when, about two years since, he retired from business, he lost none of his interest in the pleasures and pursuits of those, who were younger than himself. The evening of his life was cheered by the affection of those he loved in the home, which he helped to make happy. His children and grand-children will feel the absence of one, whose affections towards them were not chilled by the winter of declining years, while they will be cheered by the reflection that he has gone to join the company of the loved ones, whom he had lost and whose memory he cherished with a fondness that time made no impression on.

He was a good citizen, a true friend, a faithful father and an honest man.

A fair for discharged convicts is to be holden in this city from April 29 to May 1. The following is copied from the Prisoner's Friend.

THE FAIR.

For two days and three evenings, from April 29 to May 1.

The ladies interested in the approaching Fair met at the office of the Prisoner's Friend on Friday last. An excellent spirit was manifested, and the deepest interest was shown in favor of the object. The time fixed on is the *last week in April, closing up on the first day of May.* This will give us about *six* weeks to prepare. We want our friends now who intend to aid us, to leave word immediately at our office or with either of the persons named below. We have not, as yet, seen how much the ladies can do for the prisoner. They have worked in every other movement and their influence has been widely felt. We believe now that this Fair will do honor to them and the noble cause to which it is devoted. It is needless now, to point out our wants. It is sufficient to say that the Prisoner's Friend needs the whole of the subscriptions, and even more, to sustain it, leaving the Editors to look where they may for support. In our next, our object and plans will be *fully* stated. At present we have thought it best to state what is necessary for the Fair, remembering that our female friends must see the necessity of immediately going to work. Not a moment is to be lost. A beautiful Hall will be engaged probably the Washingtonian Hall, Bromfield street. *Music* has already been secured. It is intended to have our most able speakers in the evening.

OBJECTS OF THE FAIR.

The object of the Fair is to meet the expenses of the Prisoner's Friend, and to sustain the office. Also to furnish aid toward sustaining a State Missionary, who shall visit the various prisons in the Commonwealth. It is contemplated to publish tracts to circulate on the various roads. But our works are before our friends, and they can judge from what has been done, in regard to what may yet be accomplished.

The following are the names of the ladies referred to above:—

Mrs. Samuel May,
" Eliza F. Meriam,
" Theodore Parker,
" Otis Everett, jr.
" Sarah H. Southwick,
" Frank B. Fay, Chelsea,
" Benjamin H. Greene,
" Eliza W. Follen,
Miss Henrietta Sargent,
" Catharine Sargeant,
" Abby Southwick,
" Mary E. Tompkins,
Mrs. C. W. Denison.

Hall for the Fair. Melrose Hall, 339 Washington street. A beautiful Hall has been secured for the Fair, a few doors south of West street, under the Phonographic Hall. It will accommodate a large number, and is admirably fitted for a Fair. Remember Melrose Hall, 339 Washington street.

*** We congratulate our friends on what seems really to be the approach of spring. May it prove so to us all in more senses than one. May the season which flies so rapidly leave its rightful influences upon us.

[Reported and furnished for the Register.]

WARREN STREET CHAPEL.

The Annual Meeting of the Association for the support of this Institution was held at the Chapel on Sunday evening, April 18. Charles G. Loring, Esq., presided upon the occasion. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Bartol. Mr. Barnard read his Report and observed at the close that perhaps he might be allowed to say that the Standing Committee are taking steps to put the whole estate out of debt; and whenever that shall be done the income will be sufficient to meet the expenses. It has a valuable estate, and as the property is now held, all the proprietors will eventually, when the building is given up and a sale effected, receive more perhaps than a return of their money. The Committee intend to create enough new shares to cover the debts of the estate. Asking the indulgence of the meeting for a moment longer, he would say that he had taken up the work for life, and should rejoice, come what may, to pursue it for life. Dr. Tuckerman's feeling was that the Ministry at Large ought ever to be held a permanent Institution having nothing above or beyond. He could not but view it as such and as worthy not only of their lives who are interested in the work, but of the lives of many generations to come. He had also always regarded it, as a matter, not only of good feeling and impulsive charity, but as requiring the exercise of intelligence, and worthy of being made a study. He hoped to see this Institution constantly advancing, constantly aiming at and accomplishing more. Every time that the Annual Meeting comes round and he was obliged to appear even before his friends and speak of his work, he was ashamed to lift up his voice, and would greatly rejoice to do more work and say nothing about it; but as he acts for others, an Annual Report is required.

Mr. Loring rose and said,—

This interesting Report is before the Association for its disposal. It contains much that is deeply interesting and very encouraging. I can imagine nothing more interesting than the efforts of those whom God has appointed to advance others in knowledge and happiness. It seems to be a matter of abundant encouragement that we know otherwise than by this report of the fidelity and assiduity of the presiding minister of this Chapel, and that we know from him his self-devotion in the cause which is, though humble, indeed one of the noblest on earth. I am satisfied that these institutions are not appreciated as they ought to be and I am ashamed that I have done so little in their behalf. I am satisfied that nothing is wanting, nothing can be wanting, in order to have this usefulness and energy increased and extended, but that its real wants shall be known; and I have only to express the hope that some measures will be immediately taken that they shall be better known.

Hon. James Savage observed,—

Mr. Chairman, I move the acceptance of that Report, and were I a younger man, sir, I should be very ready to offer some strong reasons in favor of it; but my days are too far advanced to offer any anything which would entertain this audience. And, sir, I do not propose to engage more than a single minute, and that only to ask, if the Circular of the Standing Committee is within your reach, that that may be read to show how desirable is the extension of the knowledge of the wants of our Association.

After the reading of this Circular by Mr. Samuel Welch, Patrick T. Jackson, Esq., said,—

I should be happy to be able to express all I feel with respect to the Report but I only move to amend the motion so that the Report shall be printed and circulated, together with the Circular.

Rev. Henry Giles next addressed the meeting;—

Ladies and Gentlemen; I have been requested to make a very few, and as they must necessarily be, extempore remarks, and I venture upon my office somewhat embarrassed. It strikes me that it needs but to go over this country as I have myself been lately been going over it, to understand the full import of institutions like this; the great importance of training,—of training of a right sort, for the well-being of this country. I have at watched the moon by the lonely music of the cataract. I have been carried over the bosom of your great lakes, and along the sweeps of your mighty rivers. I have meditated in the boundless forests. I have gone in the open wagon under the firmament of stars, nothing above me but the mighty heavens, nothing below but the fairies. And what was grander than all this? and; I, in the midst of all this inanimate creation, because I was a man and had a living soul, was grander than the cataract, the forest, or the firmament. And why was I grander than all these? Because I could grasp them; because they were senseless, unintelligent, and inanimate, and because I would live hereafter, in other scenes than these and greater; not in mere existence because in their component atoms they were grander than I. But it was in my soul, as a living, immortal, conscious, spiritual being, that I was greater than the universe.

And it strikes me that these higher views of men come nowhere more powerfully than they do in this nation, because that in no other nation does the future so powerfully impress itself upon the mind. The nation is at present comparatively young, and though twenty millions seem so mighty a sum that the imagination cannot grasp it, it is nothing when considered as scattered over the space which these twenty millions occupy. It is therefore the man, the future man who is to exist in this country, that becomes absorbing to the moral thinker; and it is as institutions bear upon that future man, that they have an importance that outstretches the grandest intellect. I say, therefore, that every institution for training the mind, however humble it may appear, however insignificant it may seem, to the eye of sense or to the eye of mind, has great dominion because it has great relation, because one human being rightly trained may have infinite influences upon other human beings.

Now, my friends, disguise it as we may, whether we be conservatives or reformers, wherever we may place the centre, the source, or the seat of our authority, legal or religious, our age is an age of masses. It is necessary from the form of the institutions, and still more necessary from the tendencies of the times. It is not true that a democracy was made and shaped by men sixty years ago. You can never make a mould and pour humanity into it. Society generates its own shape, and goes out into its own forms; and these forms are necessary because they are developed from a necessary law, and that necessary law, now is the law of the masses. Think of it as we may, so it is; an inevitable and necessary fact. Now how are the masses to act, I ask, if left to themselves; out of what principle! Why, sometimes from passion, sometimes from prejudice, and sometimes from dogma.

You cannot have such a thing as a pure individualism, because if such a thing were possible it would be anarchy, and anarchy is its own destruction. The idea of self government has more of fallacy than truth in it. As a mere abstract phrase it may do well enough; but no true government can be self-government, because there can be no real government but that of truth, and truth is eternal, truth is from heaven, truth is from God. The only real government, call it what you may, is divine government. It has a divine element somewhere or other; brought out, developed and acted upon. That is real government; and unless individuals and masses are brought under that influence they are not properly governed; they are not governed by order; they are not governed by the highest principles, and the highest laws.

A government of the masses acting by passion, rushes into confusion, anarchy, and madness; masses acting out of prejudice became tyrants; and masses bound together by dogma, establish the reign of bigotry. Now how is this to be corrected, but as you train the individual soul under divine, high and holy influences; as you bring out the nobler and larger relations of that life that is in the human being; as you developе not merely the intellect, which may grow into the vanity of knowledge, or wildness of skepticism, not merely the imagination, which may waste itself in a foolish idealism, or mysticism, fanaticism, not the mere religious element alone. Noble as that element is, bound as it is with the infinite, the everlasting, the immortal, yet even that must be corrected, for in its excess that too is injurious, and the most horrible and atrocious evils have sprang frequently out of the uncorrected religious element. Who were they that kindled the fires of the inquisition, and scooped its deep, dark dungeons? Who were they that called for its racks and placed on those racks such myriads of victims? Who were those men? They were men of meditaion, and men of prayer. They were the same whose emaciated hands pointed at the rack and the torture, that overlooked without a pulse of pity these sufferings, that consumed the lonely nights in the vigils of devotion. The most horrid wars which the world ever witnessed, have been carried on in the same spirit.

You must not therefore trust any one element. You must train thoroughly, the whole, the intellectual, the moral, and the spiritual being. And it is only as the human being is developed in this order that he rises to his true grandeur, and takes his proper place in the universe of God. You may make a man a scientific man, and yet he may be a brutal, selfish man. You may make a man a very religious man, in the common sense of the word, and yet not make him a good man; a man who will lay down his life for his creed, strip himself to poverty for his church, who would go to the ends of the earth to make one proselyte, and when he is made, as our Savior said, make him tenfold more the child of hell than he was before, because he would infuse into him a bitter spirit.

It is therefore that we should all feel so grateful for systems to train up the whole being; and only consider that such things are aimed at in this institution, that such things are provided for in this institution, that there is a complete provision for every part of the man. And then consider whom it is for, that it is not for those who have houses, and parental wisdom superintending their youth, who can go to academies, and have carpeted pews, in rich churches, who have the refinements, and the correcting and restraining influences of educated society! They are called from the lanes and the alleys of your city, out of the midst of your population, are brought within these holy upraising exercises, where they have objects of beauty for their fancy, and the cultivation of the sense of the fair as well as the fit; where they have overwatching for their conscience, friendly, kindly, unostentatious influences; where they have the Sunday of music, and prayer and devotion, and preaching to bring out the religious element, to tell them of all things above, heavenly, divine, transcendentally pure, transcendentally beautiful, and that live forever.

Talk of the ministry at large as an humble position! I think no such thing. If I were worthy to be a minister myself, a rectled preacher, I would take the house with the open door and unclosed pews. I would take it for its very dignity, I would take it for its analogy to the primitive times. I value not those spires pointing their fingers at the stars, merely for those who can pay large rents. I think not of this modern mushroom growth of the gothic, more than of the marble palace for vanity and show. I do not say that some piety may not be there, but that the soil which brings up this plentiful crop is not a soil nourished with tears of penitence and prayers. I see no evidence of the spirit of religion where there are not open doors for those perising for the lack of knowledge in our crowded cities. While burdening fines are laid upon families for the doubtful privilege of worshipping in these structures, the dens that are more debased than the herds that riot in the superstition of the South Sea Islands, are neglected. This is not making true provision for the moral and religious wants of the age.

I look upon the ministry for the masses, however conducted, under whatever instrumentality, whatever means, as the ministry called for in our day and needed above all other ministries; and I look for the word of power to come to the masses, to make them feel that they have immortal souls from God. Immortality is the word of power that is called for and needed as the great want of our age. To whatever degree this want is met, I hold it with respect, bow down to it with reverence, and look forward to its results with hope. I have no hope in anything else than the moral elevation of the masses, that reforms the intellect and conscience and gives the feeling of the beautiful and the good, the right and the true.

I therefore look upon this Ministry-at-Large, as the nearest to that which the Apostles called out, which Christ indicated when he took the children of the poor and blessed them, and went among the poor, and said that to the poor was the Gospel sent. Not that the rich were to be neglected, not that they have not souls as valuable as the poor, but it is not often that the rich are neglected. It was a new thing; it was the great commandment of love, it was a new authority in the world. It was a new power in the hearts of men, and the hearts of men felt it, for the multitudes heard him gladly and said, that was the man from heaven, that was the divine man; they knew that God was speaking, and they said he spoke with authority and not as the Scribes.

I would have all ministries; I am no anarchist. I do not say that all classes can be, in all circumstances, conveniently amalgamated; but there may be different orders of ministry, different forms of ministry. I do not deny that; I do not interfere with it. I hail the word of truth, however it may be preached, in whatever forms the special circumstances may need, but I do say that the ministry of the present day that is most called for and needed, is a ministry such as this, meeting all the various wants and all the faculties of man.

And let us not despond. I speak in no despondency; it is not my temper nor is it my tone. I have hope, because I have faith; because I have faith in man, because I have faith in God, because I have faith in truth. Let every man do what he can, where he can, and when he can. Let him not bow down his head like a bulrush, and yield to despondency, like Alexander, because he cannot grasp all worlds at once. To one man it was given to sanctify a world, and to but one. Other men must take a little spot, and in that spot must do what they can. Let them take courage; let them be peaceful and contented; let them do it in charity; let no man envy another man his work; let no man interfere improperly with another man's work; let no man decry another's work. But let each do his own work, in peace and humility, and rejoice with all his brotherhood who are doing their work in their own way; but then, like that excellent woman that Sir James Mackintosh describes, let him do it, however silently, and he will see it increase. She brought a few grains of wheat to the city of Lima, and she distributed it, 30 grains at a time; and by and by, great crops of wheat waved over this district; and she thus occasioned the existence of more men than were destroyed in Buonaparte's wars. So in the moral work, let him scatter his seed here and there, in the soil of life, wherever he shall find an opportunity, and he will be sure that it will grow up in an abundant harvest in which multitudes may rejoice. Let him not despair though this may be delayed. Though it may be watered with tears, and watched with despondency, yet the sun and showers of heaven will at sometime fall upon it, and ripen it into a most glorious and immortal crop of abundant and blessed goodness.

The report was then unanimously adopted, and upon motion of Mr. Jackson, the association adjourned.

We are happy to announce that the Meadville Theological School has just obtained a satisfactory charter from the Pennsylvania Legislature, which will enable it to hold property and to enjoy many other advantages. We know that this intelligence will be very gratifying to some liberal friends of the institution in this city.

The prospects for the next class are good—the usefulness of the school cannot be overrated. By the way, there ought to be no slackness on the part of New York, in fulfilling its engagements with Meadville. The first Congregational Church have had so much to do for themselves as to be excusable for neglecting to forward the remainder of their annual subscription, $150 of which is yet due. Will not some quick spirit take the duty in hand of collecting this sum? Meadville never complains, and never *begs*. She waits patiently, and hopes all things. Let not her amiable and confiding disposition be abused. [Christian Inquirer.

The Secular Press. Public sentiment has become in a measure changed of late. The religious enterprises of the day, with their benign results, and the condition and prospects of the moral world, are becoming known and read of all men, who have any claim to intelligence or philanthropy. Probably a five times greater amount of general religious information has been diffused through the secular press of this city, within the last year or two, than in any previous year. And perhaps there is no country town, where the newspaper column would not now be cheerfully granted for condensed views of passing religious events, if judiciously furnished by those most conversant with such interests. [N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Summary. About 12 o'clock on the night of the 14th ult., a large wooden warehouse, in the Williams College square, containing the College library, was burnt. Most of the books were saved: but some valuable maps and engravings were lost. No insurance.—The Secretary of the Treasury has appointed Drs. Jackson and Owen, Geologists of the Lake Superior region. A. B. Gray, Esq., is First Assistant Geologist.—Dr. Park's appointment as Professor of Theology at Andover to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Dr. Woods, has been confirmed by the Board of Overseers.—A commencement has been made in laying the pipes in this city for the distribution of the water from Lake Cochituate. The pipes are nearly one inch thick and nine inches diameter.—Thomas Sully, the eminent painter, died in Philadelphia on the 10th inst.

15 Days Later from Europe. The Cambria, Capt. Judkins, arrived at this port Tuesday afternoon, about 6 o'clock, from Liverpool the 4th inst., having accomplished her passage in a few hours over 16 days. The news she brings is important in a commercial point of view.

The prices of American Cotton were about the same as those current when the Hibernia sailed.

An important change has occurred in the grain market. The supplies received into every part of the United Kingdom, of foreign breadstuffs, have been immense, and an eagerness had been manifested to realize upon reduced terms; yet the home buyers were operating with much caution, and the export orders had greatly lessened. There was considerable fluctuation in all descriptions of grain and grain produce during the month of March.

American Provisions were in good demand, and in most descriptions there had been an advance in prices. A falling off in the price of Indian corn.

The Moderado Ministry in Spain still hold their Queen in subjection, and threaten her with a Montpensier regency. Her Majesty admitted Mr. Bulwer to an interview at the palace, and informed him, in explicit terms, of her wish to have a liberal Cabinet.

In Portugal matters seem to be verging to a crisis. Saldanha has announced his *ultimatum* to the Court at Lisbon, to retire from his command unless he be furnished with additional troops and money. He also insists on application being made to the Spanish Government for its intervention Rumors are afloat to the effect that the civil quarrel will, with the consent of all parties, be submitted to the arbitration of the British Government.

Accounts from the Cape of Good Hope to the 23d of January, seem to warrant the hope of an early termination to the Kaffir war.

The principal interest of the Parliamentary proceedings relate as usual to Ireland. The Government measure, the Poor Relief Bill, had been debated at great length, and amid much opposition, in the House of Commons. The bill has gone through the committee, and the third reading will take place after the recess.

Lord Morpeth has introduced an important bill into Parliament, which proposes to establish a board in London for promoting the health of towns, and regulating all measures bearing upon that object. The bill proposes to secure for the poorer classes in the great communities, the advantages of improved air, light, and water. The details of the measure are voluminous.

Mr. Hilliard's Lectures, before the Lowell Institute, have come to a close, and we do but speak the sentiments of the multitude who have had the pleasure of listening, when we say that great regret is felt that the course was not a longer one. The last lecture was the best of the series, and in passages the speaker rose to a height of lofty eloquence and beauty that we have seldom heard equalled; and though for one or two evenings he was rather dry, this brilliant production was a rich atonement for all. His apology for the undutiful daughters of Milton was happily conceived, while the picture of what they might have been, was drawn with a masterly hand, that developed with glowing life the fine qualities of the speaker's own heart. He treated of the subject of domestic alienations, with a skill and truthfulness that was well appreciated, and if the sentiment could be universally acted upon, we should have a better and a happier, because more charitable world.

His estimate of Milton's character and writings, was not only simple and just, but eminently vivid, and the parallel between him and Byron, was one of the most forcible and happy that we have ever met in the whole range of English literature. Between Milton writing Paradise Lost and Byron writing Don Juan, he said there was as great a distance as between Satan in heaven and Satan in hell. He took leave of his audience with great feeling and delicacy, and they on their part were evidently sad at parting.

We look upon the delivery of this course of lectures as a new era in our American letters. One institution of wealth has extended a liberal hand to the literary devotee. For twelve lectures upon the great Poet of all solemn themes, they have given *twelve hundred dollars*. We trust this is a good omen and a foreshadowing of good to come, in the correction of public taste, and all the new force it will apply to the development of mental resources.

While on this thought, we cannot do better than give a melancholy record of a recent result from the poor rewards of authorship. The simple but sad narrative is from an English paper and shows the precariousness of authorship as a bread-winning profession. As somebody has pithily said—Sir Walter Scott, we believe—literature does very well as a cane, but very ill as a crutch. Hood found it so, and thousands of others have gone through the same melancholy experience:—

The Rev. J. T. Hewlett, author of "Peter Priggins," has died and was interred, on Monday, at Little Stambridge, the scene of his recent labors. His remains were followed to the grave by a procession of the freemasons of the district. A meeting was held at Rochford, on Friday, to consider the destitute condition of the family of the deceased author. It was there stated that the late Mr. Hewlett had been, in early life, taken under the care of the late Lord Eldon, by whom he was placed at the Charterhouse. Thence he went to Oxford, and left the University to take charge of a school at Abingdon. Subsequently he was presented to the living of Little Stambridge. The emoluments of the living were small, and he depended on literary labor for the support of his family of nine children, of whom he was the sole protector.

He had had in all sixteen children, and his wife suffered a lingering illness of four years, which terminated in her death. He took tasks from the booksellers at which he worked night and day, until ill-health, produced by over exertion, compelled him to cease. For the last year and a half his pen was stopped, and when he died, there was not a single pound in his house to provide food for his children or to defray the expense of his funeral. The freemasons, as soon as they learned the position of the destitute family, undertook the charges of Mr. Hewlett's interment, and made provision for the temporary support of the children. The meeting pledged itself to use every exertion to raise a fund for the benefit of the family, and it was arranged that one child should be proposed for admission to the Clergy Orphan Asylum, and another to the Wanstead Asylum. The sum of £246 was announced as already subscribed. [Bee.

Cruelty and Cowardice. Letters received from Gen. Taylor's camp, give shocking particulars of the massacre of a band of Mexican *peons*, or laborers, by a portion of the Arkansas troops, in revenge for the murder of one of their number by some unknown Mexicans. The name of the murdered man was Colquitt, a nephew of the Senator. The Arkansas men vowed vengeance, and a number of them, some thirty perhaps, went out to the foot of the mountain, two miles off, to an "arrejo" to which the "pianos" of Agua Nueva had fled, and soon commenced an indiscriminate and bloody massacre of the poor creatures who had thus fled to the mountains and fastnesses for security. The writer who communicates these particulars, says:

"I rode through the chapparel and found a number of their dead bodies, not yet cold. The features in every instance, were composed and tranquil—lying upon their backs, eyes closed, and feet crossed. You would have supposed them sleeping, but for the gory stream that bedewed the turf around them. In some instances, after the vitol spark had fled, in the overflow of demoniac vengeance, the carbine ball dashed out the brains of its clayey victim. Death, in all its horrors, I have seen and been familiar with from boyhood, and I could not feel the dread reality before me until Col. B. and myself rode down the "arrejo," to where, from the curling smoke, we supposed the women and children of these poor creatures were secured. We rode up. Fear and anxiety were depicted on every countenance—the women crowded around us for protection—and, notwithstanding they were not more than half a mile from the scene of this murderous butchery, they were wholly ignorant of what had been going on.

An old female, who looked as though she might be the grandmother of the whole, advanced to us, and in the most imploring manner, asked me to send back her husband and sons from the camp, where she supposed they had all been taken. I then told them that I feared their men had been killed. They soon comprehended my fears; and the old woman asked us to lead the way to the dead bodies; and, accompanied by two little boys of about two years of age each, we set out for the scene of murder. The first body we approached, the old woman exclaimed was a "caretero"—"a donde estan los otros, madre de Dios, adonde iremos?"—(where are the others? mother of God, where shall we go?) We then led them to another body, that of a man about thirty years of age, who lay as tranquil as though he was in the slightest sleep.

The little boy, impelled by that instinct which seems to lead us into trouble and difficulty ere it is ready for us, outstripped his companions, and was the first to reach the body. He advanced steadily to its side; gazed upon the countenance, which was half concealed beneath the broad brimmed *sombrero;* folded his hands upon his breast, and looked with dreaming earnestness upon the bloody victim of illtimed vengeance. The heaving of his manly little chest, and the silent tears stealing from his dark eyes and rolling their scorching way down his cheeks, told too eloquently that the little fellow had lost a friend. I said to him, in the most soothing tone I could command: "Do you know that man?" to which he replied, "*Es my padre caballero;*" walked round the body; examined the bullet-hole in the side; turned away from us, drew his sleeve across his eyes, and, without an audible sob or murmur, returned to the glen, where his mother, brothers and sisters were to hear the tale of their desolation."

These Arkansas volunteers were the very men who fled from the battle, and carried to Saltillo, on their trembling lips, the false tale that General Taylor was beaten and in full retreat. They could be very brave for the massacre of unarmed persons, but not for the deadly encounter of the bloody field. [Salem Gazette.

The London correspondent of the *Constitutionnel* of the 5th of December, states that at the last meeting of the Royal Society, Mr. Pelly, one of the members, announced that he had just received the news that the Geographical Society of Hudson's Bay had fitted out an expedition charged with the exploration of a country entirely unknown, and which is situated at the northeast extremity of that continent. It is to consist of eleven persons, who are to have two Esquimaux guides.

An Avalanche of Snow at Chamouni. A French journal, from which we translate, relates the following catastrophe under date of Feb. 17th. The great quantity of snow which we have had, led us to apprehend some serious accident. On the 15th February, at 7 of the evening, a horrible crackling noise, caused by an avalanche descending from the summit of the *Aiguilles Rouges* (Red needles) which covered the little hamlet of Chable, composed of five houses and several dependencies. The avalanche overturned all, filled the bed of the Arve and advanced some distance into the plain. Eleven persons of one family, assembled in the common chamber of their house, were protected by the resistance of a wall and succeded in saving themselves by crawling through the ruins of their crushed roof; some others were found alive under the snow and ruins, but the rest remained buried under the enormous mass.

The first one that freed himself from the rubbish ran to the hamlet of Prats for help, but on arriving at the scene of the disaster, it was impossible to recognise even the location of the houses. At length, the population of the valley was summoned to the place by the lugubrious notes of the tocsin, when, after two days' research, six persons alive and seven corpses were discovered; unfortunately, there is but little hope that, among the numerous individuals of whom no trace has yet been found, there will be many survivors.

Asiatic Literature. A late number of the *Journal des Debats* contains the following account of a valuable acquisition to the literature of China by the Russians at Pekin.

The head of the Russian Mission at Pekin, made in 1845, an acquisition for the Asiatic department of the library of St. Petersburg, of great importance, in a literary point of view, and one which may well excite the envy and ambition of European libraries. It has been known to literary men, that there was a universal collection of Buddist books which was for sale at Pekin. These books were in the Chinese, Mandchou, Mongol, and Thibetian languages, and the two collections which contained them (the *Gandjour Dandjour*) formed 1,392 volumes in small folio, valued at 39,000 francs.

A letter from M. Kowalewski, professor of Mongol at the University of Kasan, to a member of the French Institute, announces that this double collection has been obtained for the Asiatic department of the library by the chief of the Russian Mission. This information is entitled to full confidence, for it emanates from one of the most honorable orientalists of Europe who has resided at Pekin, and who is kept by the gentlemen attached to the Russian mission, constantly informed of every thing there, interesting to science, and referring to the study of the Asiatic languages.

FRATERNITY OF CHURCHES.

At the Quarterly Meeting of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches held on Sunday evening last, April 18th, the following Officers were chosen for the coming year. Henry B. Rogers, Esq., President; Benjamin Seaver, Esq., Treasurer; Rev. R. C. Waterston, Secretary; and Rev. S. K. Lothrop and Abiel Chandler, Esq., members of the Executive Committee.

☞ THE NORFOLK COUNTY BIBLE SOCIETY will hold its nineteenth annual Meeting at Foxboro', in the meeting house of Rev Mr Poor, on Thursday, April 29th, at 2 o'clock P. M. Contributions can be transmitted to Rev Mr Babcock of Dedham, Treasurer. WM. A. PEABODY, Sec.
East Randolph, April 16, 1847.

☞ NOTICE. The Middlesex North Association will hold their next meetingat Rev J. C. Smith's, in Groton, on Wednesday, May 5th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
ap24 JOS. C. SMITH, Scribe.

☞ BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY. The Annual Meeting of the Book and Pamphlet Society, for the choice of Officers, will be held on Monday, the 26th inst. at 5 o'clock, P. M., at No 96 Washington st.
ap24 S. G. SIMPKINS, Rec. Sec.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Mr Gry, Mr Dennis Kelly to Miss Mary Kelsey.

20th inst, by Rev Mr Coolidge, Mr Frederick Almy to Miss Susan H., daughter of Thomas Niles, Esq. of Gloucester.

In Salem, 15th inst, Mr Chdes L. Heywood of Boston, to Mrs Elizabeth D. Page of S.

In Beverly by Rev Mr Stor, Mr Moses A. Cheever of Westboro', to Miss Ruth Grant. At the same time by the same, Mr Eben H. Melton to Miss Irene Conant.

In Lynn, Mr James M. Tboox to Miss Eunice L. Crediford.

In Malden, Mr Robert Oliver of Lynn, to Miss Nancy Higgins of M.

In East Bridgewater, by Rev Mr Whitman, Mr John Holmes of South Bridgewater to Miss Sarah F. Bird of East Bridgewater.

In North Abington, by Rev Wm F. Stubberts, Mr John F. Whitmarsh to Miss Ann M. Reed; daughter of Mr Seth Reed.

In Hanover, NH, by Rev T Richards, Abner Hartwell Brown, M. D. of Lowell Mass, recently Professor in the Willoughby Medical university, to Miss Susan Augusta, youngest daughter of the Rev Dr Shurtleff.

In Brooklyn, NY, 15th inst, by Rev Mr Gould, Mr Edward D. Peters, Jr. of Bost, to Miss Jane Gould; also, Rev William R. Worlof Newark, Del, to Miss Sarah R. Gould, both daughters of the officiating clergyman.

In Alexandria, DC, Hon S. A. Douglas, U. S. Senator from Illinois, to Miss Mary D. Martin of Rockingham County, North Carolina.

In Athens, Ohio, Mr Spencer A. Harding of Boston, to Miss Louisa T. Dana, daughter of Joseph Dana, Esq. of Athens.

DEATH.

In this city, 12th inst, Benjamin Hurtleff, M D., 7 yrs and 5 mos. He was a native of Carver, and graduated at Brown University in 1796. At the time of his decease, he was the oldest physician in the county of Suffolk, and the oldest honorary graduate of Harvard University.

12th inst, Mr John M. Hastings, 47

20th, Elizabeth R., wife of John Raynel, 59.

In Dorchester, 18th inst, Sarah, relict of the late Nathaniel Topliff, 81.

In Dorchester, 13th inst, Rebecca Lydia, daughter of the late John Capen, aged 34.

In Brookline, Patty, relict of the late Benjamin Hill, formerly of Brighton, 81.

In South Attleboro', 18th inst, Mr Ebenezer Guild, 83.

In South Abington, 9th inst, very suddenly, with dropsy of chest, Mr William Bonney, Postmaster, 48. Also, same day, (after a long and distressing sickness which confined her to her bed 36 years,) Miss Mehitable Torrey, 62.

In Starbridge, 11th inst, Mr Stephen Newell, a revolutionary pensioner, 96. He served sixteen months in the war of the revolution, entering the army at the age of sixteen; he was at the battle of Saratoga and the surrender of Burgoyne.

In Hadley, Elizabeth W. P. Huntington, wife of Rev D Huntington, 68.

In Blandford, Mr Daniel Ludden, in his 88th year, a revolutionary pensioner.

In Rochester, Mrs Eliza S. aged 51, wife of the Hon William Pitkin.

In Greenfield, Mrs Rebecca, aged 73, wife of Capt Edward Adams.

In Brattleboro', Hon Lemuel Whitney, aged 82.

In Simsbury, Conn., Hon Elisha Phelps, aged 67, formerly member of Congress.

In Brattleboro', Vt. on the 4th inst, after an illness of but a few days, Hon Lemuel Whitney, aged 82.

In Frankfort, Herkimer County, 18th ult. Rev Benjamin Harvey, the aged Baptist clergyman of New York, in the 112th year of his age. He has been a preacher more than seventy years. Last year he went to New York and attended the anniversary meetings.

On board sch Triumph, of Beverly, on the passage from Boston to Aux Cayes, Feb 25th, Mr Samuel O. Graves, of Salem, first officer.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE—No. 154—Price 12½ cents.

1. Life and Correspondence of Lord Sidmouth.
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4. Howitt's Homes and Haunts of British Poets.
5. Jesse's Favorite Haunts and Rural Studies.
6. Moliere and the French Classical Drama.
7. Industrial Arts of the Esquimaux.
8. Surgical Operations without pain.
9. A Whaling Cruise.
10. Taylor's Views a-Foot.
11. Murat and his Death.
12. Battle of Buena Vista, and the General.

Obituary; Poetry; Scraps, &c. &c.

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Tamed and Untamed, with other Stories; by the author of Willie Rogers.

Lost Wheelbarrow, and other Stories; by the author of Willie Rogers, etc. etc.

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The Worcester Catechism. ap24

ENGLISH WORKS. JAMES MUNROE & CO. have just received Cary's Lexicon to Herodotus; Life of Bishop Bonner; Watts's Psalms and Hymns, pictorial edition; Trollope's Greek Grammar to the New Testament; Niebuhr's History of Rome; Heeren's Historical Researches, 2 vols; Burns's Works; Life of Burns, 2 vols; Rumpf's Elements of Conchology; Harcourt's Doctrines of the Deluge, 2 vols; Mackenzie's Campaign in China; The Paston Letters, 2 vols; The Wassail Bowl; Lathrope's North America, 2 vols; Lathrope's Mexico; Laconics, 3 vols; Moore's Epicurean; Cribber's Apology for his Life; Giles's Terentius Zneriel Cura; Prior's Life of Goldsmith, 2 vols; Mary Howitt's Fable and Verse Book; English Causes Celebres; Fosell's Life and Lectures, 3 vols; Jameison's Mechanics for Practical Men; Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians, 2 vols; Memoir of the King of Sweden; Spitzner and Goettling's Greek Prosody; Harry Mowbray; British Colonial Library; Tour in the Holy Land, 2 vols; Notæ Variorum di Ciceronem, 3 vols; Youth's Hand Book of Entertaining Knowledge; London Pictorially Illustrated, 6 vols in 3. For sale at 134 Washington street, Boston, opposite School street. ap24

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND JUVENILE LIBRARIES. JAMES MUNROE & CO. have for sale a large assortment of books, suitable for Juvenile and Sunday School Libraries, amongst which are the following:

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POETRY.

[For the *Register*.]

LINES TO WACHUSETT.

BY S. H. LLOYD.

Like some tall chief with nodding plume
Who used these hills to roam,
Thou seem'st to me Wachusett,
Amid his mountain home;—
The remnant of that feeble band
With trusting hearts and brave,
And looking round with tearful eye
On each neglected grave.

How often in some lonely vale
I've watched the sunny skies,
And seen the clouds upon thy brow
And o'er thy head arise;
But still though storms in fierceness rage
Thou lov'st to cling and rest,
As clings the child in stormy hour
Upon its mother's breast.

I've seen thee too, when morning hung
Her wreath of roseate hue,
In beauty on thy mountain brow,
And gemmed thy breast with dew.
I've watched the morning's mantling mist,
Roll up her snowy scrowl,
Like error folding up her robes
And fleeing from the soul.

And oft I've gazed on thee at night,
From out thy lovel retreat,
While jewels spanned thy lofty brow
And flowers decked thy feet;—
And loved to see thy trusting heart
Serene and calm mid all,
Though night in shades might gather 'round
Or rain in torrents fall.

O bless the loving homes that lie
Amid thy vales and hills,
With thought the heaving breast that calms
The thinking soul that fills;—
And ever prove a rising cloud*
Where ocean billows foam,
To guide the weary mariner
To father-land and home.

Hubbardston, Mass.

* Wachusett is seen at sea, like a cloud just above the horizon.

[For the Register.]

TIME THE RESTORER.

Thou wingest thy flight o'er the realms of earth,
And its silent places are filled with mirth;
Thou stretchest thy hand o'er the desert place,
And the palace rises in marble grace;
The depths of ocean are touched by thee,
And green isles swell from the surging sea.

O'er the barren mountains thy foot has strayed
And their heights are veiled with the forest shade;
Thou passest on, and the tiger's den
Is changed to the dwellings of cheerful men;
The heathen wilds by thy steps are trod,
And the Christian temple springs up to God.

The bones of millions in dust are strewed,
But the nation's strength is by thee renewed;
Genius and learning expire, but thou
Kindlest their fire on some younger brow;
Man must perish, but thou hast shrined
In thine awful temple his living mind.

Yet, O restorer of perished things
Who scatterest life with thy ceaseless wings,
Who goest forth, and upon thy track
Youth and beauty and bloom come back,
Powerful as o'er earth's realms thou art,
Thou canst not quicken the perished heart.

Thou canst not waken its wasted fires,
Its virtuous aim, and high desires;
Thou canst not call back the radiant train
Of hope and love to their bowers again;
Life to the lost one thou canst not give,
Nor say to the spirit of memory, live.

Yet there is a power strong to save,
There is an arm that unlocks the grave,
There is a spring in the realms of light
That restores the lovely, the young, the bright;
Where the holy love of earth is crowned,
Where the dead revives, and the lost is found!

1847. L. G. P.

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

CHILD.

What can I do for Christ, mamma,
Who does so much for me?

MOTHER.

Give him your youthful heart, my child,
And from all evil flee.

CHILD.

I think he has my heart mamma,
And I detest all sin.

MOTHER.

Then end each day with prayer, my child;
With prayer each day begin.

CHILD.

I pray both morn and eve, mamma,
And love God's word to read.

MOTHER.

Act too, that all may see, my child,
That you are Christ's indeed.

CHILD.

All this I strive to do, mamma,
Can I do nothing more?

MOTHER.

Yes, tell that Christ has died for us,
God's favor to restore.

CHILD.

To whom can one so young, mamma,
The Savior's mercy teach?

MOTHER.

To all you love, and all you know,
And all your voice can reach.

CHILD.

But there are dying souls, mamma,
In many a distant land.

MOTHER.

Well, send them men to preach the word,
That they may understand.

CHILD.

How can I send them men, mamma,
Who am so weak and poor?

MOTHER.

Help those who do, and that with prayer,
A blessing to secure.

CHILD.

If prayer could turn my pence to pounds,
I fain your plan would try.

MOTHER.

Elisha, and the widow's oil,
My answer will supply.

CHILD.

O! yes, I see; I have not much,
But what I have I'll give;
And God may make some dying soul
Through my small pittance live.

MOTHER.

Do thus, my child; and you will find,
When sun and stars are dim,
That Christ regards what's done for men,
As if 't were done for him! [Dr. Huie.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.

The following dreadful details of the famine in Ireland are from the Journal of Elihu Burrit, the "learned blacksmith," who speaks of what he has seen:

SKIBBEREEN, Feb. 20.

* * * Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick called, with several gentlemen of the town, and in their company I took my first walk through the potter's field of destitution and death. As soon as we opened the door, a crowd of haggard creatures pressed upon us, and with agonizing cries for bread, followed us to the soup kitchen. One poor woman, whose entreaties became irresistibly importunate, had watched all night in the grave yard, lest the body of her husband should be stolen from his last resting place, to which she had been consigned yesterday. She had left five children sick with the famine fever in her hovel, and she raised an exceeding bitter cry for help. A man with swollen feet pressed closely upon us, and begged for bread most piteously. He had pawned his shoes for bread, which he had already consumed. The soup kitchen was surrounded by a cloud of these famine spectres, half naked and standing or sitting in the mud, beneath a cold drizzling rain. The narrow defile to the dispensary bar was choked with the young and old of both sexes, struggling forward with their rusty tin and iron vessels for soup; some of them upon all fours like famished beasts.

There was a cheap bread dispensary opened in one end of the building, and the principal pressure was at the door of this. Among the attenuated apparitions of humanity that thronged this gate of stinted charity, one poor man presented himself under circumstances that even distinguished his case from the rest. He lived several miles from the centre of the town, in one of the rural districts, where he found himself on the eve of perishing with a family of seven small children. Life was worth the last struggle of nature, and the miserable skeleton of a father had fastened his youngest child to his back, and four more by his side, had staggered up to the door just as we entered the bread department of the establishment. The hair upon his face was nearly as long as that upon his head. His cheeks were fallen in, and his jaws so distended that he could scarcely articulate a word. His four little children were sitting upon the ground by his feet, nestling together, and trying to hide their naked limbs under their dripping rags.—How these poor things could stand upon their feet and walk, and walk five miles as they had done, I could not conceive.

Their appearance, though common to thousands in this region of the shadow of death, was indescribable. Their paleness was not that of common sickness. There was no sallow tinge in it. They did not look as if newly raised from the grave and to life before the blood had begun to fill their veins anew; but as if they had just been thawed out of the ice, in which they had been imbedded until their blood had turned to water.

Leaving this battle field of life, I accompanied Mr. Fitzpatrick, the Catholic minister, into one of the hovel lanes of the town. We found in every tenement we entered enough to sicken the stoutest heart. In one we found a shoemaker at work before a hole in the mud wall of his hut, about as large as a small pane of glass. There were five in his family; and he said when he could get work he could earn about three shillings a week. In another cabin we discovered a sailor, by the light of his small fire, working in a space not three feet square. He too had a large family, half of whom were down with the fever; and he could earn but two shillings a week. About the middle of this filthy lane we came to the ruin of a hovel which had fallen during the night and killed a man who had taken shelter in it with his wife and child. He had come in from the country, and ready to perish with cold and hunger, had entered this falling house of clay. He was warned of his danger, but answered that die he must unless he found a shelter before morning. He had kindled a small fire with some straw and bits of turf, and was crouching over it, when the whole roof and gable end of earth and stones came down upon him and his child, and crushed him to death over the slow fire.

The child had been pulled out alive, and carried to the workhouse; but the father was still lying there upon the dung heap of the fallen roof, slightly covered with a piece of canvass. On lifting this, a humiliating spectacle presented itself. What rags the poor man had upon him when buried beneath the falling roof, were mostly, torn from his body in the last faint struggle for life; his neck and shoulders and right arm were burnt to a cinder. There he lay in the ruin, like the carcass of a brutal beast thrown upon the dung hill. As we continued our walk along this filthy lane, half naked women and children would come out of their cabins, apparently in the last stage of the fever, to beg for food "for the honor of God." As they stood upon the wet ground, we could almost see it smoke beneath their bare feet, burning with fever. We entered the grave yard, in the midst of which was a small watch-house. This miserable shed had served as a grave where the dying could bury themselves. It was seven feet long and six in breadth. It was already walled round with an embankment of graves half way to the eaves.—The aperture of this horrible den of death would scarcely permit the entrance of a common sized person. And into this noisome sepulchre living men, women and children went down to die; to pillow upon the rotten straw, the grave clothes vacated by the preceding victims, and festering with their ever. Here they lay as closely to each other as if crowded side by side on the bottom of one grave. Six persons had been found in this fetid sepulchre at one time, and with one only able to crawl to the door to ask for water. Removing a board from the entrance of this black hole of pestilence, we found it crammed with wan victims of famine, ready and willing to perish. A quiet, listless despair broods over the population, and cradles men for the grave.

I returned from this painful walk, nearly wet through and sad at the thought that I could not administer any relief to my perishing fellow beings. Spent the evening in writing letters to England.

Skibbereen, Feb. 21. * * * * Dr. Donovan called at 2 P. M., and we proceeded together to visit a lane of hovels on the opposite side of the village. The wretchedness of this little mud city of the dead and dying was of a deeper stamp than the one I saw yesterday. Here human beings and their clayey habitations seemed to be melting down together into the earth. I can find no language or illustration sufficiently impressive to portray the spectacle to an American reader. A cold, drizzling rain was deepening the pools of black filth, into which it fell like ink drops from the clouds. Few of the young or old have not read of the scene exhibited on the field of battle after the action, when visited by the surgeon. The cries of the wounded and dying for help have been described by many graphic pens. The agonizing entreaty for "water! water! help! help!" has been conveyed to our minds with painful distinctness. I can liken the scene we beheld in this low lane of famine and pestilence to nothing of great resemblance than that of the battle field, when the hostile armies have retired, leaving one third of their number bleeding upon the ground.

As soon as Dr. Donovan appeared at the head of the lane, it was filled with miserable beings, haggard, famine-stricken men, women and children, some far gone in the consumption of the famine fever, and all imploring him "for the honor of God," to go in and see "my father," "my wife," "my boy," who is very bad, your honor." And then interspersed with these earnest entreaties, others louder still would be raised for bread. In every hovel we entered, we found the dying or the dead. In one of these straw roofed burrows, eight persons had died in the last fortnight, and five more were lying upon the fetid, pestiferous straw upon which their predecessors to the grave had been consumed by the wasting fever of famine. In scarcely a single one of these most inhuman habitations was there the slightest indication of food of any kind to be found, or fuel to cook food, or any thing resembling a bed, unless it were a thin layer of filthy straw in one corner, upon which the sick persons lay, partly covered with some ragged garment.

There being no window, nor aperture to admit the light in these wretched cabins, except the door, we found ourselves often in total darkness for the first moment of our entrance. But a faint glimmering of a handful of burning straw in one end would soon reveal to us the indistinct images of wan-faced children grouped together, with their large, plaintive, still eyes, looking out at us, like the sick young of wild beasts in their dens. Then the groans, and the choked incoherent entreaties for help, of some man or woman wasting away with the sickness, in one corner of the cabin, would apprise us of the number and condition of the family. The wife, mother or child would frequently light a wisp of straw, and hold over the face of the sick person, discovering to us the sooty features of some emaciated creature in the last stage of the fever. In one of these places we found an old woman stretched upon a pallet of straw, with her head within a foot of a handful of fire, upon which something was steaming in a small iron vessel. The Doctor removed the cover, and we found it was filled with a kind of slimy seaweed, which I believe is used for manure on the seaboard.

This was all the nourishment the daughter could serve to her sick mother. But the last cabin we visited in this painful walk presented to our eyes a lower deep of misery. It was the residence of two families, both of which had been thinned down to half their original number by the sickness. The first sight that met my eyes on entering was the body of a dead woman, extended on one side of the fire-place. On the other an old man was lying on some straw, so far gone as to be unable to articulate distinctly. He might be ninety or fifty years of age. It was difficult to determine; for this wasting consumption of want brings out the extremest indices of old age in the features of even the young.

But there was another apparition which sickened all the flesh and blood of my nature. It has haunted me during the past night, like Banquo's ghost. I have lain awake for hours, struggling for some graphic and truthful similes or new elements of description by which I might convey to the distant reader some tangible image of this object. A dropsical affection among the young and old, is very common to all the sufferers by famine. I had seen men at work on the public roads, with their limbs swollen almost to twice their usual size. But when the woman of this cabin lifted from the straw, from behind the dying person, a boy about twelve years of age, and held him up before us upon his feet, the most horrifying spectacle met our eyes. The cold, watery-faced child was entirely naked in front from his neck down to his feet. His body was swollen to nearly three times its usual size, and had burst the ragged garment that covered him, which now dangled in shreds behind him.

The woman of the other family, who was sitting at her end of the hovel, brought forward her little infant, a thin-faced baby of two years, with clear, sharp eyes, that did not wink, but stared stock still at vacancy, as if a glimpse of another existence had eclipsed its vision. Its cold, naked arms were not much larger than pipe-stems, while its body was swollen to the size of a full grown person. Let the reader group these apparitions of death and disease into the spectacle of ten feet square, and then multiply it into three-fourths of the hovels in this region of Ireland, and he will arrive at a fair estimate of the extent and degree of its misery. Were it not for giving them pain, I should have been glad if the well-dressed children in America could have entered these hovels with us, and looked upon the young creatures wasting away unmurmuringly by slow, consuming destitution. I am sure they would have been touched to the liveliest compassion at the spectacle, and have been ready to divide their ward-robe with the sufferers.

A FOREST FUNERAL.

We had one long and weary, and somewhat unsuccessful expedition last fall. We made our calculations to go through the whole hunting district in the course of six days, and reach the river ten miles below our cabin, on Saturday, so that we might attend church there—or rather hear preaching, in a log school house, from a clergyman, who once a month visited the small settlement. We worked hard during the week, and we were not sorry at dusk on Saturday to sit down in the comfortable frame house of Colonel ——, who is the owner of some thousands of acres in that immediate vicinity. The school house in which services were to be, is beautifully situated, in a grove of oaks, on a point around which the river bends and runs rapidly, with a lulling sound. Did you ever notice how different the voice of a river is in passing different scenes? Up in the gorge above it is wild, and rages, as if angry with the rocks it meets, and its voice is like the voice of a roused warrior. But here it goes slowly and sedately by the little "oak school house," as it is called, and would seem to linger as if loving the quiet scene.

It was nearly midnight of Saturday night that a messenger came to Col. ——, requesting him to go to the cabin of a settler some three miles down the river, and see his daughter, a girl of fourteen, who was supposed to be dying. Col. —— awoke me and asked me to accompany him, and I consented, taking with me the small package of medicines, which I always carried in the forest. But I learned soon that there was no need of these, for her disease was past cure.

Leaving the house, we descended to the bank of the river, and stepped into a canoe that lay in an eddy, and seizing a pole, flattened at one end for a paddle, Col. —— pushed the slight vessel out into the current, and we shot swiftly down. I have described so many night scenes that I forbear giving you this. You may imagine the scene if you choose, as I lay in the bottom, and he used now his pole and now his paddle, to guide the bark in the rapids.

"She is a strange child," said the Colonel, "her father is as strange a man. They live together alone on the bank of the river. They came here three years ago, and no one knows whence or why. He has money, and is a keen shot. The child has been wasting away for a year past. I have seen her often, and she seems gifted with a marvellous intellect. She speaks sometimes as if inspired; and she seems to be the only hope of her father."

We reached the hut of the settler in less than half an hour, and entered it reverently.

The scene was one that cannot easily be forgotten. There were books and evidences of luxury and taste lying on the rude table in the centre. A guitar lay on a bench near the small window, and the bed furniture, on which the dying girl lay, was as soft as the covering of a dying queen. I was, of course, startled, never having heard of these people before; but knowing it to be no uncommon thing for misanthropes to go into the woods to live and die, I was content to ask no explanations more especially as the death hour was evidently near.

She was a fair child, with masses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine, she started slightly, but smiled and looked upward. I spoke a few words to her father, and turning to her asked her if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest strain of an Eolian. You may imagine that the answer startled me, and with a few words of like import, I turned from her. A half hour passed, and she spoke in that same deep, richly melodious voice:

"Father, I am cold; lie down beside me"—and the old man lay down by his dying child, and she twined her emaciated arms around his neck, and murmured in a dreamy voice, "Dear father, dear father."

"My child," said the old man, "Doth the flood seem deep to thee?

"Nay, father, for my soul is strong."

"Seest thou the thither shore?"

"I see it father; and its banks are green with immortal verdure."

"Hearest thou the voices of its inhabitants?"

"I hear them, father; as the voices of angels, falling from afar in the still and solemn night-time; and they call me. *Her* voice too, father,—Oh, I heard it then!"

"Doth she speak to thee?"

"She speaketh in tones most heavenly."

"Doth she smile?"

"An angel smile! But a cold calm smile. But I am cold—cold—cold!—Father, there's a mist in the room. You'll be lonely, lonely, lonely.—Is this death, father?"

"It is death, my Mary."

"Thank God."

I stepped out into the night, and stood long and silently looking at the rushing river. The wife of a settler arrived soon after, and then the Colonel's excellent lady and her daughter, and we left the cabin.

The Sabbath morning broke over the Eastern hills before we reached the school-house again. But never came Sabbath light so solemnly before. The morning service in the school-house I have not room to describe now, for I have taken more time and space than I had any idea of.

As evening approached, a slow and sad procession came through the forest to the little school-house. There with simple rites the good clergyman performed his duty, and we went to the grave. It was in the enclosure where two of Col. ——'s children lie, a lovely spot. The sun was setting as we entered the grove. The procession was short. They were hardy men and rough, in shooting jackets, and some with rifles on their shoulders. But their warm hearts gave beauty to their unshaven faces, as they stood in reverent silence by the grave. The river murmured, and the birds sang, and so we buried her.

I saw the sun go down from the same spot, and the stars were bright before I left it—for I have always had an idea that a graveyard was the nearest place to Heaven on this earth; and with old Sir Thomas Browne, I love to see a church in a grave-yard, for even as we pass through the place of graves to the temple of God on earth, so we must pass through the grave to the temple of God on high. [Journal of Commerce.

[From the Massachusetts Ploughman.]

INCULCATION OF GOOD MORALS.—SACREDNESS OF PROMISES.

MR. EDITOR,—As the Ploughman is a family paper, although devoted principally to the interest of Agriculture, yet on account of the many practical useful hints, which it usually contains, it is taken and read by many mechanics: a few hints respecting business habits may not be out of place.

In New England, where wealth, talent, influence and respectability are obtained almost entirely by individual exertion, where the poor pennyless orphan boy, destitute even of the advantages of parental advice, often raises himself to the highest degree of affluence; where our richest men are made of our poorest boys, where everything depends on enterprise and frugality; it must be that a system of credit, to a certain degree, will exist, the advantages of it are clearly seen in every department of society.

Under a well regulated system, the young man with no capital but a character sustaining the necessary traits of a business man, such as industry, sobriety, honesty, frugality and punctuality, can compete in no small degree with the capitalist in business. Such is the genius of our institutions, that wherever talent lies, there is the man, whether in the palace or in the cottage, wherever enterprise is found, there is the candidate for the future capitalist and man of business; I speak only of a well regulated system, not one which does everything on credit and compels the merchant and mechanic to be always charging. What, let me ask, has done more to elevate and equalize society than this? Destroy it, and you cease to hold an attracting influence to aspiring enterprise. Encourage it, and you form a nucleus around which centre the fondest hopes of the poor, but enterprising young man. Destroy it, and you help make up the distinctions in society, making the rich richer and the poor poorer: that all business transactions, should be done with cash payments on the moment so far as possible, is a well settled fact; it is better for all parties; but in our community there must be credits, they *must* exist: to abuse a prudent system of credit, then, is, to do an irreparable injury to the poor, industrious, enterprising young man.

If the view I have taken of this subject be correct, does it not become every well wisher of society, to use his influence to sustain this system and keep it in good repute? Why is it that the sacredness of a promise to pay, is so lightly esteemed at the present day? To me, it is evident, that one grand cause is, a deficiency in imparting correct sentiments on this subject in early life: early impressions have an immense bearing on future life: how often has the instruction of an affectionate mother checked the unhallowed propensity of a gay and thoughtless child? Who cannot trace some ruling principle of his own back to the instructions of a parent in early childhood? What a delightful sensation steals over the mind as we look over the school books of our boyhood! how strong are the sentiments inculcated in those books, fixed in our minds; we regard them almost with religious reverence.

Among all those beautiful and eloquent pieces which we were accustomed to read in our school boy days, we seldom find a well written piece enforcing the duty of a strict and faithful adherence to all the promises and contracts as they exist in business transactions.

☞ Not half enough stress is usually laid on the strict performance of promises. In Sunday schools it would be quite as well to inculcate good morals as to impress theological dogmas upon tender minds. All agree on the general principles of morality; and these should be taught in all our schools and churches.

This is the surest road to happiness and Heaven, and it ought to be oftener trod. All nations have a common law, and his is the moral law. But sectarian teachers discover a shorter way. The Pharisees made the Law of God of no effect *by their traditions.*

In regard to doing business on the credit system, much may be said on both sides. We abuse every good thing by excess. If no credit could be obtained by young men, the whole business of trade would be in the hands of the rich. Yet credits should be greatly restricted, that young men may not indulge in extravagant habits on borrowed capital.

[Editor.

CHEAP PLEASURES. Persons are deceived, when they suppose *that* to be pleasure which they pay dearly to behold. The best and purest pleasure is enjoyed without the cost of a farthing. What gives more pleasant noughts than a glorious sunrise? There is exquisite pleasure in beholding a natural scene—the birds, the flowers, and the waters. Because such means of enjoyment are within their reach, hundreds will not esteem them, but pay severely for what really produces no pleasure. To the correct heart ever thing brings enjoyment. The pure air and the healthful shower—the morning and the evening sky—the fleecy cloud and the pellucid heavens—the rain drop and the snow flake. Such pleasure is cheap and exquisite. You may drink and drink again and ye crave more and be happier with every returning hur. The true worshipper of nature cannot be an undevout Christian. [Port. Bul.

DR. JOHNSON AND MILLER. When Dr. Johnson had finished the copy of his Dictionary, which had wearied Miller, the bookseller, exceedingly, the latter sent the following card to the doctor:

"Andrew Miller sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him."

The doctor sent the following brief reply:

"Mr. Samuel Johnson sends his compliments to Andrew Miller; he has received his note, and is happy to find that Andrew Miller has the grace to thank God for *anything*."

A WORD. Say not word you had better leave unsaid. A word is a live thing, we know, but it has stirred up a world of strife. Suppressing a word has saved many a character—many a life. A word unuttered, and Hamlet would long have lived, a pride of his country. Who can tell the good or bad effects of a single word? Be careful what you say. Think before you speak, and you will never be mortified with yourself, or cause a thrill of pain to flash through the heart of a friend.

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GREENWOOD'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.—NEWLY STEREOTYPED EDITION. The subscribers have recently procured new stereotype plates of this popular collection of Sacred Poetry, now used of nearly all the Societies of the denomination, and have just published the 44th Edition, to which an addition of over One Hundred Hymns has been made.
They have also published another Edition containing in addition to the Hymns embraced in supplementary pages, a SERVICE BOOK for the use of those Societies desiring to introduce this mode of worship.
Two separate editions will in future be issued—one with the text as heretofore, for use where this edition is used or desired, corresponding in all respects to the one now in use, with the addition above referred to, but on new type, and the other with the Service Book and Supplementary Hymns.
The additions have been made, with great care, by the Rev R. C. Waterston, Pastor of the Church of the Saviour, and are highly approved by those who have examined the work, since they were made.
It is believed that this arrangement will meet the views of the numerous friends of this excellent collection who were desirous that it should embrace many Hymns of high character, written since it was first published, and others, which were not before inserted.
The following are some of the societies and towns in which the book is in use, viz: King's Chapel, (Rev. Mr. Peabody;) Hollis Street Society, (Rev. Mr. Peabody;) Hollis Street Society, (Rev. Mr. Pesdick;) New South Society (Rev. A. Young;) Federal street Society (Rev. Dr. Gannett;) Bulfinch st Church (Rev. Frederick T. Gray;) Purchase street, (Rev. Mr. Coolidge,) Church of the Saviour, (Rev. Mr Waterston;) Boston. Church of the Messiah, New York, (Rev. Dr. Dewey;) Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Rev. Mr. Farley;) ——— Chapel, and also Divinity Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, Cambridgeport, Roxbury, Milton, Dorchester, Marshfield, Watertown, Brookfield, Brighton, Chelsea, Lowell, Lexington, Lincoln, Weston, Newburyport, Sandwich, Sherburne, Uxbridge, Medfield, Lancaster, Chelmsford, Hingham, Cohasset, Ashby, Andover, Dover, Northboro', Cabotville, Ipswich, Bedford, Greenfield, Beverly, Dedham, Medford, Billerica, Waltham, Lynn, Dover, N. H; Portland, Hallowell, Augusta, Bangor, Castine, Me; Hartford, Ct; Syracuse, Rochester, N. Y; Providence, Newport, R. I.; Brattleboro', Vt; Savannah, Geo; Mobile, Ala; Allton, Ill; St. Louis, Mo; Louisville, Ky; and many other societies in New England and the Southern and Western States.
We respectfully request Clergymen or Church Committees proposing a change in their Hymn Books, or forming new Societies, to forward us their addresses, when copies shall be sent them for examination.
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Mr L. D. Johnson will give a lecture in the Marlboro' Chapel, Hall No. 1, on Tuesday evening, January 12th, at half-past 7 o'clock, when he will make an exposition of the advantages of his system to the public generally, and its adaptation to Common School instruction.
A young lad will be present, who will answer any one of six thousand questions from the "Memoria Technica," when propounded at random by the audience.—Mr. J. pledges himself that he will, in the course of the evening, give such instruction as will convince his hearers of their own ability to commit to memory, and to retain, what they, perhaps, may heretofore have deemed impracticable.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.
As the several exercises of the occasion will be directed to the illustration of the principles and uses of the system, each person in attendance will use a copy of the Memoria Technica, which will be the only necessary ticket of admission to the lecture.
j9 L. D. JOHNSON.

1847. THIS DAY PUBLISHED—LORING'S STATE REGISTER, or Record Book of Valuable Information, giving Massachusetts State Officers, First Provincial Congress, Members of Massachusetts Medical Society, Churches, Colleges, Militia Officers, Postmasters, 100 Societies, Charitable, Religious and Literary; Directors of 29 Banks, 31 Insurance Companies, and 25 Railroads; United States Officers of Army, Navy, &c.; Tariff of 1846, Oregon Treaty, Sub-Treasury, Warehouse System, City Officers of Boston, Salem, Lowell, Roxbury and Cambridge; Freemens and Odd Fellows, London Banks and Bankers, Households of English Royal Families, 300 Commissioners of this and other States.
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CHARLES W. GOODNOW.
Concord, Mass., Jan. 15, 1845. ostf j24

NEW AND VALUABLE ENGLISH PERIODICAL. *CROSBY & NICHOLS* have just received the first five numbers of The Peoples' Journal, containing amusement, general literature and instruction, with an earnest and business like inquiry into the best means of satisfying the claims of Industry. The names of William Howitt, (one of the proprietors,) Mary Howitt, Harriet Martineau, Miss Mitford, Ebenezer Elliot, Mrs Loudon, Frederica Bremer, Barry Cornwall and others, who will be permanent contributors, indicate the literary character of the work. It will also be embellished with elegant engravings from the first English artists. The extremely low price of the work will put within reach of all classes. It will come to subscribers at $2,50 per annum. Single numbers, 25 cents. Published in monthly parts of 70 pages.
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